TRUE WEST

April 1955 • 25 cents

IS THIS, OR ISN'T IT
from left to right
COLE and BOB YOUNGER, FRANK and JESSE JAMES?
See page 5

CHILDREN of the RAVEN
Life Story of the Mighty Crows
by Norman B. Wiltsey

BOB FORD the Man Who Killed JESSE JAMES

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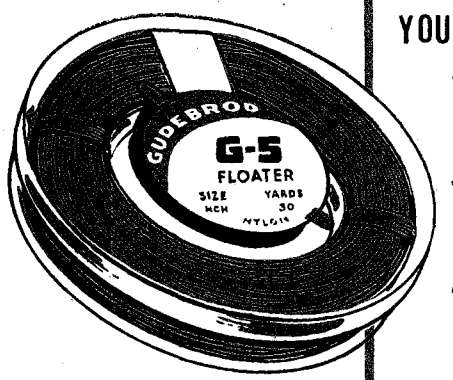

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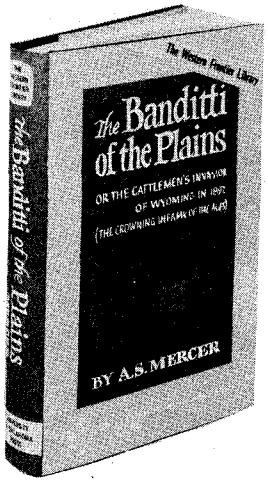

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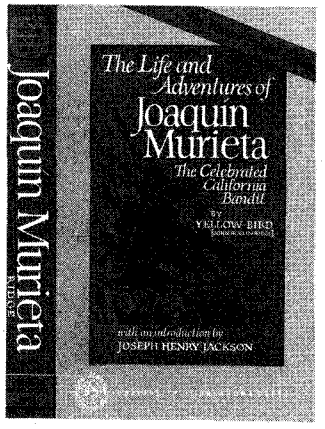

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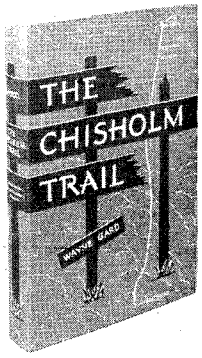

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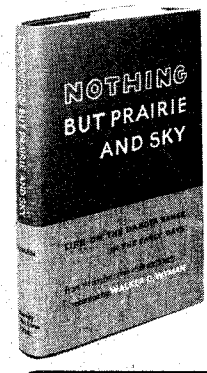

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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The Quality of Courage

By Dr. Walter Prescott Webb

THE readers of TRUE WEST must be people who admire courage, whether it is exhibited by the bad man or the good man. The Old West of which so many like to read was filled with brave men. Some of them were good and some were bad; some within the law and some without. But the good man and the bad man by western standards had one quality in common, and that was courage, bravery, intrepidity. It is really this quality that we admire and like to read about, whether it was exhibited by Wyatt Earp upholding the law or Jesse James or Sam Bass or some other breaking it.

In writing the history of the Texas Rangers, I had the opportunity of studying the action of as courageous a group of men as ever trod the western plains. Again and again I came upon the record of such Rangers as Jack Hays, Ben McCulloch, L. H. McNelly, John Armstrong, John B. Jones and Frank Hamer, to mention a few examples of men who had courage in the highest degree. I followed them as they met the Indians, the outlaws, the bandits and the murderers of Texas. Some of their deeds are incredible, and difficult for the average person to understand.

Dr. Walter Prescott Webb

After pouring over these records, extending back a hundred years and more, I began to ask: What is this quality of courage? What did these men have that I and most others do not? How is it that they could walk into danger with the calm that an ordinary person would enter a drug store? What is the quality these men have that most others do not?

Then I came up with an answer that is as curious as it is unexpected. I decided that these men *lack* a quality that most people have. Instead of having something—in this case courage—that most lack, they lack something that nearly everybody has. They lack fear. It has been, in a few cases, left out of their composition. Their courage is not a positive quality that has been added,

(*Continued on following page*)

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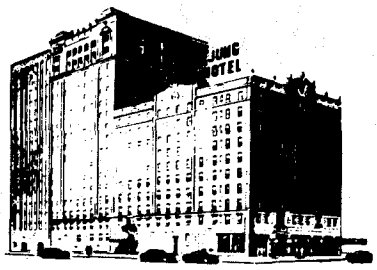

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The Quality of Courage

(*Continued from preceding page*)

but a negative quality that has been omitted. Fear has been given to all animals as a protection, and they survive because they have it. They run away from danger and thereby avoid destruction. So do most people, whether they admit it or not. But there are exceptions, a few men who are *fearless*—utterly without fear.

IN the gunfighting days of the Old West such men had a great advantage. They were not bothered by fear when they went into a fight. They did not have to put it down because it was never there. Therefore they could be as cool and collected, as intelligent in a gunbattle as they were in any other transaction. All of their wits were about them, their minds were free to concentrate on the business in hand, and their muscles were relaxed so that they could receive and execute the orders from the brain. Their hands remained steady, they took time to catch the sight before they pulled the trigger, and they had the ability to be alert to everything that was going on around them. This lack of nervousness, this coolness and deliberateness, gave them a big advantage over an opponent who had to fight his fear and his enemy at the same time. The man without fear has nothing to do but fight his enemy. It has been said that some of these men smile when the danger is greatest, and that a smiling fighter is very dangerous. A little thought will show that he who smiles is relaxed, relaxed like an athlete when he knows in advance that his delivery will be right on the mark.

Of all the great Texas Rangers L. H. McNelly had this quality of fearlessness to a greater degree than any other. To him a gunbattle was like a chess game, something to be won first with the mind and then with the body. Many others had the same quality.

It must never be thought that these men were foolhardy. They were too intelligent for that. In the gunfighting of the West the foolhardy did not survive long enough to make a reputation. I do not want to leave the impression, either, that because the men I am talking about were relaxed that they were not alert. They were prepared to act quickly, but they were not strung up until their muscles were tight and out of control.

I have not seen this theory of courage set forth in print, though it may have been. I have discussed it with Texas Rangers and other officials who are frequently in danger, and some of them agree that the theory is sound. I am submitting it to the readers of TRUE WEST to see what light they can throw on the question as to whether courage is a positive or a negative thing.

—Dr. W. P. Webb

FRIEND Webb who sounds off in this issue on "The Quality of Courage" is one of America's most distinguished historians, honored here and abroad. He has been Harkness Lecturer in American History at London University, Harmsworth Professor of American History at Oxford, and, since 1933, Professor of History at the University of Texas, his native state. His works include such celebrated titles as *The Texas Rangers,* on which he apparently leans pretty heavily to back up his contentions in this article; *The Great Plains,* which received the Loubat Prize of Columbia University in 1931; *Divided We Stand;* and *The Great Frontier,* in which he sort of rocks you back on your heels by pointing out the global effects of the closing of our American frontiers.

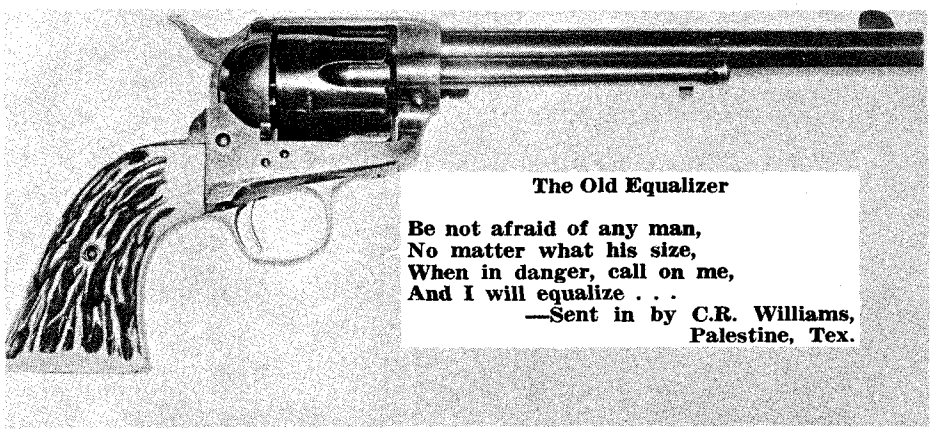
Of course, he's still on trial with us, here at True West (he's the newest addition to our staff); but if he makes the grade, we predict a great future for the man!

Oddly enough, we recently read with interest Edwin Corle's fiction-based-on-fact book "Billy the Kid," wherein Corle, without ever quite saying so, intimates that *El Chivato* and Pat Garrett, the man who gunned him down, were both lacking in that very human quality known as fear.

All of which, somehow, makes us feel much better. Now, when some irate reader of True West cuts down on us with his old .45 and we run like hell, we don't have to feel ashamed. In fact, we can say with some pride: "By dog, there sure ain't nothing lacking in our make-up!"

SPEAKING of books, we're entirely too modest and unassuming to do more than barely mention your editor Fred Gipson's latest contribution to the world of literature—RECOLLECTION CREEK (Harper & Bros., $2.75). The

(*Continued on page* 42)



The Old Equalizer

Be not afraid of any man,
No matter what his size,
When in danger, call on me,
And I will equalize . . .
—Sent in by C.R. Williams, Palestine, Tex.

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STORY BEHIND THE COVER

OUR cover photo this issue is believed by many people to be an actual likeness of Cole and Bob Younger and Frank and Jesse James. It was published on the front page of the October, 1953, issue of GREAT GUNS, and kicked up a storm of controversy among the readers of that magazine. Folks wrote in from all parts of tht country, some praising the picture as the genuine article, others denouncing it as a fraud.

What does TRUE WEST think about the photo? Frankly, podners, we don't know! We do think this: We believe the picture rates cover prominence. We ask *you,* the readers of TRUE WEST, to decide the question of its authenticity for us. Somewhere in this great big country of ours there live today a few oldtimers who actually *knew* the James and Younger Boys. Let's hear from YOU, boys!

Typical comments from the readers of GREAT GUNS follow:

Gentlemen:

I never had occasion to read GREAT GUNS until recently when a friend . . . showed me a copy of your October issue. That front page! What a picture! The man on the extreme right is Jesse Woodson James beyond any shadow of doubt—and he is certainly not the man who was shot at St. Joseph (Missouri) in '82. The "substitute" corpse was photographed, and I respectfully urge any doubters to simply compare the J. J. you show with the one on the slab.

Your picture reveals a good likeness of Frank James and Bob Younger, too. As for Cole, I'm not familiar enough with his recorded appearance to judge. I *do* know he was the biggest of the four, and that is plainly shown here.—Anderson Connor, Chicago 21, Illinois.

And now from the other side of the fence!

To the Editor:

I have on hand your October, 1953, issue of GREAT GUNS. If it is proper to criticize, I would like to make a few remarks about the picture allegedly showing the James-Younger crew. My first remark is that the picture is a fraud and not a single man in the picture is a James or a Younger . . . There are many men here who knew Cole Younger and Frank James. Someone has palmed off that picture on you, and I think if he really knew the truth he should return the money for the picture with an apology. There are a lot of authentic pictures of the James and Youngers here and it would be proper to try and get some copies of them to offset the picture of the Eastern dudes you show.

Charles Kemper here is co-author of the latest and most authentic book on Jesse James and I am enclosing a letter of statement from him about the picture.—O. C. Shelby, Independence, Missouri.

Mr. Kemper's letter follows—

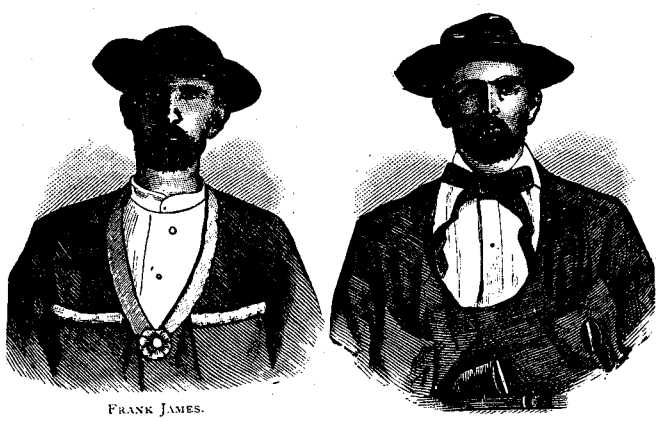
To Mr. O. C. Shelby or anyone interested:

You inquire regarding a picture of the Younger and James Brothers in GREAT GUNS:

I do not know who these parties so represented are, but my acquaintance with the Younger and James families (Bob James, Frank's son, visits me occasionally) has provided me with family pictures of all these parties, and there is no resemblance to these men as I knew them or to any of their pictures.

The Youngers were thin-haired, even bald at early ages. The James brothers, at the age indicated in this picture, were rather spare in flesh, and had sharp features, especially toward their chins. Jesse had the middle finger of his left hand shot off in the war, and this does not show in the picture.

These men never carried the Springfield rifles so represented, as they created too much attention and trouble. The only gun of this kind was a 32-20 Model 1873 Winchester carried a short time by Jesse. It is now in the possession of a friend here in the neighborhood.



FRANK JAMES. JESSE JAMES.

Our Colt and Smith & Wesson revolvers were, and are, so much superior to any foreign makes, I feel sure Frank James never used any but the best. I know personally of many of their guns. Cole Younger gave me one of his. I gave it to his nephew, Harry Hall, who has it in Lee's Summit, Mo., now.

I have Cole's hat, razor, and pipe. Of course, I do not know who sent in this picture, but am well satisfied it is not a picture of the noted parties represented. — Charles T. Kemper, Independence, Missouri.

Note from Mary McDuffie:

This does not look like Cole Younger and I am positive it is not him. He was my own cousin and I have many old pictures of him and know what I am saying.—Mary McDuffie, Lee's Summit, Mo.

And now from Carl W. Breihan, author of a recently published biography of Jesse James and one of the ranking experts on the subject of the Missouri outlaw:

"This photo . . . has been regarded as a fake photo by those who knew these men well, including family members. I do not say this to be contrary or on account of the photos in my Jesse James book, but if you will figure out the matter carefully and check the photo with a powerful glass, you will agree, I believe, that I am right.

"You will note these men are not youngsters, yet the Youngers were quite young and very thin when captured after Northfield. When could this photo have been taken if authentic? Certainly not while in prison and absolutely not after, as Bob Younger died in Stillwater and Jesse James was killed while they were in prison.

"It is a physical impossibility for those four men to have been together at the ages of the men in the photo.

"Who these men are or were I cannot state, but they were not the Jameses and the Youngers. The Younger family album will bear me out in this, as will the James photos. But the best answer is as I have explained it."

Lloyd M. Judge, of Los Angeles, wrote: "Could these four good looking gentlemen be posing as the notorious desperadoes, using Rock Island Ordnance material for props? Or could they be playing the roles in a stage play, 'The Great Jesse James Raid?' Well, it's great fun to see these old pictures, especially the provocative ones."

Most skeptical of all was H. G. Young, of Morris Plains, N.J., who said: "Come on, Andy; who are those four drunks shown in the photo? They have no doubt finished up a gay Saturday night down at Coney Island, and are having their picture taken to show the folks back in Hoboken what a bunch of cut-ups they are!"

Back again to the affirmative side—well, almost, anyhow!

Dear Editor: Your October cover was a dilly, but I believe you have incorrectly identified the men so pictured. Mr. Lee Hank, who is a grandson of Jesse W. James and now living at Manitou Springs, Colorado, has informed me that they are as follows:

Seated left to right—Dr. Frank James and Cole Younger.

Standing left to right—Jesse W. James and Dingus James.

Do I hear anyone disagreeing with Mr. Hank and I? How about it, Andy? . . . Bill Green, Glasgow, Missouri.

Note by Mr. Palmer: Before publishing the picture of the James Gang we made a very careful comparison of other existing pictures of these same men. They all seem to match. But who are we

(*Continued on page* 42)

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Yelling his war-cry, an infuriated Sioux brave rode out to kill Chief Washakie.

CHILDREN of the RAVEN

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

The Crows stood alone in a changing world, surrounded by enemies on all sides. To save at least part of their homeland, they allied themselves with the white man against their swarming foes.

FORT LARAMIE, on the North Platte, stood deep in the hunting grounds of three allied Plains tribes: the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Here, in the summer of 1851, gathered a vast assemblage of Indians; not only warriors of the Sioux-Cheyenne-Arapahoe alliance, but also Mandans, Gros Ventres of the Prairie and Arikaras. From the distant camps of the Assiniboines came a wild-looking band of the primitive "Stone Boilers." Only the aloof, suspicious Blackfeet disdained to attend this grand council called by the worried white men to "wipe war forever from the prairie."

Of all the swarming thousands of warriors at Laramie, the Absarokees and their friends, the Shoshones, made but a small part. The Absarokees, who called themselves Children of the Raven, were misnamed Crows by the whites.

Hundreds of *tipis* filled the valley before the Fort when the Crows arrived in late August. Groups of warriors

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stalked about the encampment, scowling fiercely at traditional enemies but grudgingly abiding by the truce hopefully arranged by their chiefs to endure for the length of the council. Gambling went on continually; the inevitable "hand" game alternating with horse races on the flats along the river. Whole pony herds and heaps of robes, furs and weapons changed hands daily on the results. Tensions grew and impatience mounted as the days passed and the wagon train bearing gifts from the Government failed to arrive. Three hundred U.S. Dragoons and Mounted Rifles stationed near the Fort anxiously awaited the train's arrival for another reason—they knew that they could do little to control this tremendous mob of Indians if trouble broke out.

Chief Washakie and his Shoshones, making a splendid appearance in full ceremonial regalia, rode in a few days after the arrival of the Crows. Each warrior in the Shoshone cavalcade was armed with a good rifle supplied by Jim Bridger, trader and interpreter for the tribe. Washakie and Ol' Jim were fast friends, and the veteran mountain man watched proudly as the Shoshones came boldly on into a camp where their deadly enemies, the Sioux, outnumbered them five to one.

The trouble the troopers feared came close to exploding when the Sioux spotted the oncoming Shoshones. One young Sioux brave, yelling that Washakie had killed his father, nocked an arrow to his bow-string and galloped his horse out to meet the Shoshone chief. Washakie waved his followers to a halt and rode on alone to meet the infuriated Sioux, cocking and raising his rifle as he advanced.

Behind the galloping Sioux, a French interpreter jumped on his horse and took out after the trouble-maker. Washakie was deliberately drawing a bead on his man when the Frenchman caught up with him. Deftly the interpreter jerked the Sioux from his pony, landing on the prairie on top of the angry warrior. The brave Frenchman, by his prompt and daring action, averted the council from bloody tragedy. Jim Bridger sized up the incident in a few graphic words: "The Frenchy saved the Sioux from hell, that's sartin. My chief would 'er killed him quick, and then the fool Sioux would 'er got their backs up, and there wouldn't have been room to camp 'round here for dead Sioux . . ."

STILL the wagon train did not arrive, and the temper of the Indians was growing increasingly surly with each day. Their vast horse herds had grazed off the grass for miles around the Fort, their *parfleche* cases were empty of dried meat and they had begun killing the dogs for food. Where was the feast promised them by the Grandfather (the President); what had happened to the fine presents they were supposed to get? It was all very exasperating, and perhaps they would have been smarter to stay home like the Blackfeet.

Indian Agent Major Tom "White Head" Fitzpatrick, an oldtime mountain man and comrade of Jim Bridger, tactfully eased the mounting tension by suggesting to the chiefs that everybody move to a better camping ground down the North Platte. Accordingly, the whole outfit packed up and moved 34 miles to Horse Creek. Here Fitz placed the soldiers and the watchful Shoshones on one side of the creek and the truculent Sioux on the other—and crossed his fingers. Three additional days passed with no train sighted, and the bored and restless chiefs agreed to hold council without waiting longer.

So, in September of 1851, began the great Peace Conference hopefully designed to end inter-tribal warfare on the Plains and usher in a shining new era of peace and prosperity for both red men and white.

The two Commissioners, Agent Fitzpatrick and Colonel D.D. Mitchell, led the white delegation. Father Pierre-Jean De Smet sat with the Commissioners, together with a number of military officers, traders, sub-agents, a newspaper reporter and interpreter. Pipes were passed from hand to hand before Colonel Mitchell began his speech:

"I speak for the Great Father in Washington. We do not come to you as traders; we have nothing to sell you, and do not want to buy anything from you. *We do not want your lands,* horses, robes nor anything you have; but we have come to advise you, and make a treaty with you for your own good . . ."

Mitchell went on to promise compensation for the damages caused by emigrants in passing through Indian country. (This statement was greeted with an approving chorus of *hou-hous* by the red men). He also asked the right to build military posts at any point the Great Father wished. (Deep silence from the assembled braves at this). Tribal boundaries were to be set according to the terms of the treaty, but "in doing this, it is not intended to take any of your lands away from you or to destroy your rights to hunt or fish or pass over the country as heretofore. But it will be expected that each nation will be held responsible for depredations committed within its territory, unless it can be clearly shown that the people of some other nation committed them, and then that nation will be held responsible . . . The nation will be held responsible for the acts of its people."

COLONEL MITCHELL wound up his speech by stating that the presents and provisions would soon arrive. The grave-faced chiefs brightened at this promise, and the council was adjourned for twenty-four hours. At the end of this recess, the chiefs were expected to give their answers.

OLD mountain men like Jim Bridger and Tom Fitzpatrick must have realized then and there that the chiefs could not hold their tribesmen to any such inflexible conditions as the treaty terms imposed. Actually, the proud Warrior Societies ruled the tribes—the chiefs were mere advisors, admired and respected but often over-ruled. Colonel Mitchell couldn't understand this situation; like most military men he believed that an Indian chief possessed authority comparable to that of a white general over his troops. The chiefs, of course, were fearfully aware of their limited power but were also extremely anxious to win the approval of the mighty Grandfather in Washington. Apprehensive of the future but hoping for the best, they "touched the pen" to the treaty.

The newspaper reporter, a keen chap for a newcomer to the Plains, quickly recognized the absurdity of expecting the chiefs to control their warriors. Writing of the secret and powerful Warrior Societies, he pinpointed the problem neatly in the following dispatch to his paper: "These Soldiers are the young men of the nation . . . formed into companies with a head or principal leader and other subordinate officers . . . When with the nation, traveling or hunting, they constitute the guard, scouts . . . They form the war parties, and often go to war upon their own hook, sometimes without the knowledge or consent of the chiefs. They are so numerous, and so well banded together, that *the chiefs can do nothing with them.*"

On such a shaky basis, foredoomed to collapse and failure, was formed the grand Peace Treaty of 1851 at Fort Laramie.

The long-overdue wagon train arrived at Horse Creek the day after the signing, and tribal animosities and mutual fears for the future were forgotten in merrymaking. Twenty-seven wagons unloaded a huge pile of goods on the prairie, and the boom of a cannon announced the opening of the belated party. All the tribes gathered in an immense circle around the pile and the white men began handing out presents.

As at every treaty party, the white man's gifts to his "red brothers" were a fantastic jumble: a few useful articles, some impractical and many downright ridiculous. There were, for example, stiff uniforms and shiny swords for the chiefs —very handy for hunting buffalo!—bed-ticking, thread and cotton cloth. Beef, bacon, flour, soda and coffee beans comprised the food. The Indians ate the beef, burned the bacon and threw away the flour and soda. Some kept the coffee beans; others tossed the beans contemptuously into the fire. On the useful side there were kettles, knives, awls, buttons, beads, blankets and tobacco. The warriors got nothing at all of what they wanted most: guns and ammunition. Only a few selected chiefs received smoothbore trade guns and a small stock

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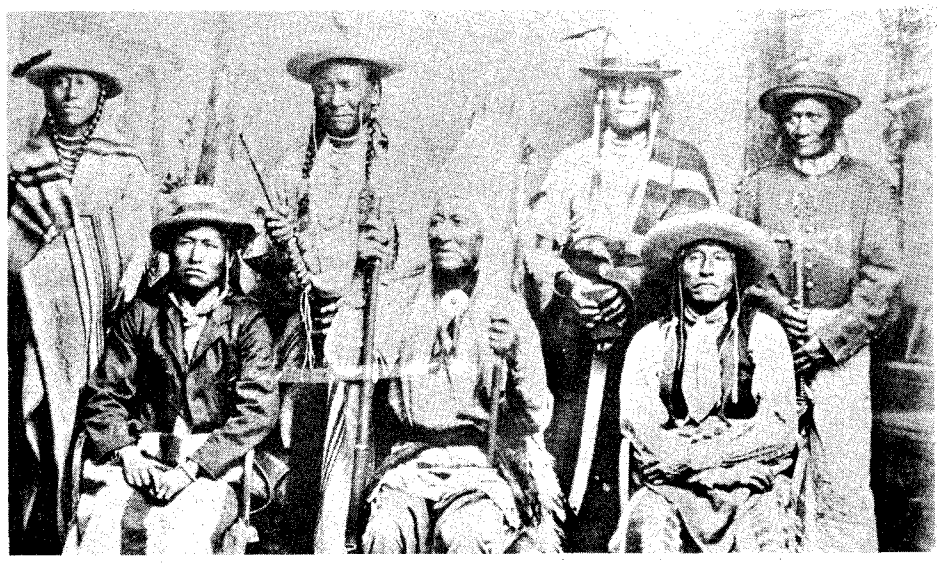

Washakie, (center) Chief of the Shoshones. Dick Washakie seated on left; "George Washington" at right.

of powder and ball. Despite their smooth speechmaking and professed high regard for the tribesmen, the Commissioners played it safe all the way.

Yet everybody appeared well satisfied when the celebration finally broke up and the tribes headed for their various hunting grounds. Behind the colorful cavalcades, gleaming in the bright sun, dozens of new kettles were left discarded on the prairie—kettles rejected by the squaws as too heavy to be packed on their well-loaded pony drags.

THE rugged Yellowstone country, from the Bighorn River westward, was magnanimously conceded to the Crows in the Laramie Treaty. Right after the big council at Horse Creek, the Crows held a secret council of their own and privately decided to stick with the white man no matter what happened in the future. This was not a difficult decision for them to make, since Crows had always played a lone hand against all the tribes excepting their kinsmen, the Hidatsa, and their good friends, the Shoshones. The canny Crow chiefs knew that the phony peace could not endure, and they coolly planned to be on the winning side—the white man's side—when the fighting began.

On the face of it, such cold cynicism seems unpardonable disloyalty to fellow Indians against the common aggressor. Actually, it was simply a practical application of the primal law of self-preservation. Allied with the powerful white man, the Crows stood an excellent chance of survival in their own country. Arrayed against the white man, their days in the land they loved were strictly numbered. The Crows owed no loyalty to the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes; in fact, they had fought against them for decades. The white man looked immeasurably the better bet for the future, and that's the way the shrewd Crows threw their weight.

The trouble foreseen by the Crows was not long in coming. In June, 1853, Oglala Sioux camped around Fort Laramie got into a ruckus with some troopers over a trivial incident, and the Lieutenant in charge of the soldiers ordered a volley fired into the Sioux camp. Several Indians were killed, and things were touch-and-go for a time before the chiefs restored order. But the Sioux remained in a bad mood and refused to sign amendments to the still unratified treaty of 1851.

The tense situation simmered along without further explosion until the summer of 1854, when the lid blew off.

Lieutenant J. L. Grattan, who felt that all Indians were dogs and cowards, invaded a Sioux camp near Laramie to arrest a brave who had killed a worthless abandoned cow belonging to an emigrant. Grattan was a cocky youngster spoiling for a fight, and he had thirty troopers with him—enough, to his stupid reasoning, to "whip all the Sioux on the Plains and make them run like rabbits!"

Grattan picked his fight and the Indians refused to run. In ten minutes of furious action the Lieutenant and his thirty men were all killed. Later, Grattan's commanding officer testified that the rash young officer had exceeded his authority and was solely responsible for the tragedy. By that time, however, the Eastern newspapers had picked up the story and the damage was done. Goaded by outraged public opinion, the Army moved to "punish" the Sioux, and sent Colonel W. S. Harney to the Platte to attend to the chastising.

"White Beard" Harney, unable to find the Indians who had wiped out Grattan and his men, attacked the friendly camp of Chief Little Thunder at Ash Hollow on the Blue River north of the North Platte. In his official report of this "blow against the hostiles" Harney claimed 86 warriors killed, five wounded, and 70 women and children captured. The Sioux camp was destroyed, along with much property and many horses. The Colonel admitted in his report that Little Thunder's band was guiltless of the "Grattan massacre" and bluntly added, "if it had been any other band it would have been the same."

FROM all this unpleasantness the Crows held themselves warily aloof. They wasted no sympathy on the harried Sioux—in fact, they already had renewed their old practice of raiding the Sioux horse-herds and were being raided in return. The worried chiefs decried this, reminding the horse stealers of the binding terms of the Laramie Treaty, but receiving only derisive laughter in reply. Actually, the protests were mere gestures on the part of the chiefs, for none expected hot-blooded young braves to meekly relinquish a practice that meant sport, adventure and solid achievement. How else could a poor young man count *coup* and win the girl of his choice except by raiding a dangerous enemy and stealing his horses? A scrap of paper signed by his chief and a few white men meant exactly nothing to an ambitious youth striving to make a name for himself as a warrior and lover. Treaties were for timid old men, not for warriors!

In this troubled year of 1855, when all the frontier seemed to be holding its breath in dread anticipation of the raging holocaust to come, a small boy was growing up in the Crow camps—a boy destined to become the tribe's greatest chief. Born in the summer of 1848, near the present site of Billings, Montana, the infant had been named Aleek-chea-ahoosh (Many Achievements) by his grandfather. "I have dreamed that he shall live to count many *coups* and be old," said the old man at the child's birth. "My dream also told me that he shall be a chief—the greatest chief our people will ever have."

So the boy was named, and later he became known to all men as Plenty Coups.

The young chief-to-be learned first to run; for speed and endurance in running might one day save his life. He was only five years old when his grandfather began teaching him to run. One bright summer morning, Plenty Coups' grandfather called the boy to his side and said to him: "Take off your shirt and leggings, so that your body may be light and free as the wind."

The lad did so, wondering. "Now," smiled the wise old man, "catch me that pretty yellow butterfly resting on that bush over there."

Delightedly, Plenty Coups ran after the butterfly; over rocks and ridges, across streams and grassy places, now leaping high, now bending low, trying to catch the fluttering, swooping butterfly. Finally, when he was nearly winded, the boy caught the elusive winged insect and carried it proudly back to his grandfather. But the old man smiled again and said: "Oh, but it is not for me! Rub the butterfly's wings over your heart, small one, and repeat after me these words:

O Butterfly, lend me your grace and swiftness
That I may be a good hunter in peace
And a strong fighter in war."

METICULOUSLY yet joyously, Plenty Coups' childhood training progressed through swimming lessons, archery, hunting and scouting; everything was a game and everything was great fun. Yet, sometimes, the teaching was Spartan hard; for Crow boys had to develop toughness of spirit as well as toughness of body. "A man's greatest strength lies in his heart and his mind, not in his muscles," cautioned the wise grandfather—and Plenty Coups listened, remembered never forgot. He needed those strong words, particularly when taking his swimming lessons in cold weather. Often he swam among chunks of ice floating in the mountain streams, blue with cold yet seeking doggedly to gain the wondrous power of the beaver in the water. Many

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times, when the hunters killed a beaver, the boy requested that the broad, heavy tail be wielded as a paddle upon his naked body in the hope that the skill, courage and industry of the noble animal might in some mysterious manner be transmitted to him.

Similarly, when the hunters killed a grizzly, Plenty Coups ate of the raw heart. The grizzly was the mightiest fighter in all the animal world; cool, deadly and fearless in combat. Eating a portion of the great bear's heart was believed to be a sure way of making a boy master of himself in any situation. Plenty Coups, as quoted directly by author Frank Linderman in his biography of the chief titled *American*, says: "I felt myself growing stronger, more self-reliant and cool from the day I ate a piece of that bear's heart. I believed I might soon be taken on war parties, and with my friends began to play at war."

When Plenty Coups was nine years old, a beloved brother was killed by the Sioux on Powder River. The boy's heart "fell to the ground and stayed there" and he cut his flesh and bled himself weak in sorrow. The tragedy had the effect of maturing Plenty Coups beyond his tender years, and he at once began to think of ways to help his people. Help was urgent, for the Crows stood alone in a changed and bewildering world with enemies swarming on all sides.

Accordingly, Plenty Coups cleansed his body in a sweat-bath and fasted several days in preparation for prayer. Early one morning before the village was awake, he slipped out of his father's lodge and climbed the southern-most of the Twin Buttes looming behind the camp. Here he built a small fire of sweet-sage, stripped off his clothes and bathed himself in the purifying smoke. All day he walked naked about the mountain, praying aloud for Helpers, but the Above Ones did not answer. As the sun slanted down the sky toward the western horizon, Plenty Coups made his bed of sweet-sage and ground cedar and went to sleep.

Site of Fort Laramie in 1870.

DURING his slumber a mysterious Person came to the young boy and led him down the mountain to a lodge where a group of venerable warriors were seated. Here, also, he found a Dwarf-person, chief of the Little People who lived in Medicine Rock (near the present site of Pryor, Montana). The Little People are legendary beings, believed by the Crows to have made stone arrow points in the old days.

The ancient warriors, recognized by Plenty Coups as the Winds, the Storms, and the great forces of Nature, were angry with the Dwarf-person for bringing Plenty Coups among them and offered the boy no help at all. But the Dwarf-chief defended Plenty Coups valiantly, saying: "Plenty Coups, we, the Dwarfs, the Little People, have adopted you and will be your Helpers throughout your life on this world. We have no medicine bundle to give you . . . instead we will offer you advice. Listen!"

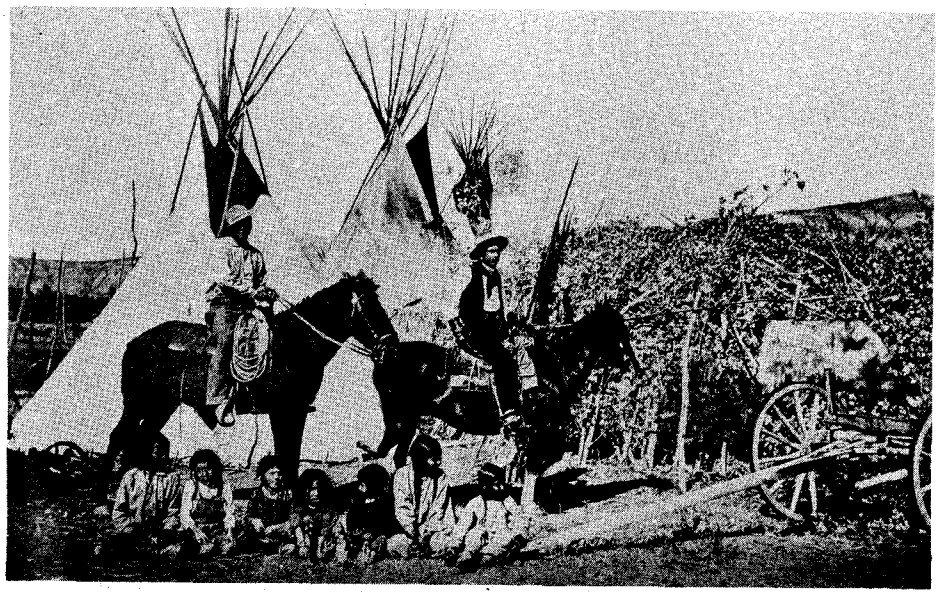
" 'In you, as in all men, are natural powers. You have a will. Learn to use it. Make it work for you. Sharpen your senses as you sharpen your knife. Remember the wolf smells better than you do because he has learned to depend on his nose. It tells him every secret the winds carry because he uses it all the time, makes it work for him. We can give you nothing. You already possess everything necessary to become great. Use your powers. Make them work for you, and you will become a Chief.' "

"When I wakened," Plenty Coups told Linderman, "I was perspiring. Looking into the early morning sky that was growing light in the north, I went over it all in my mind. I saw and understood that whatever I accomplished must be by my own efforts, that I must myself do the things I wished to do. And I knew I could accomplish them if I used the powers that Ah-badt-dadt-deah (The Mighty One Above, The Great Spirit) had given me. I *had* a will and I would use it, make it work for me, as the Dwarf-chief had advised. I became very happy, lying there looking up into the sky. My heart began to sing like a bird, and I went back to the village, needing no man to tell me the meaning of my dream. I took a sweat-bath and rested in my father's lodge. I *knew* myself now."

The Crows' need for a wise leader was critical, and would, within a few years, be desperate. Their rich and beautiful country, although assigned to them by the terms of the Laramie Treaty, was located in the very heart of the last buffalo range and so invited invasion by hungry and covetous foes. Gradually, parleying when they could, fighting stubbornly when they must, the Crows were pushed back from the Black Hills region until they lived mostly in the country of the Bighorn and Little Bighorn Rivers. Plenty Coups' band, retreating like the others under relentless enemy pressure, joined a large gathering of Crow clans at the Bear-tooth Mountains. Here, drawn together in council to discuss the common danger, were the Whistling-waters, the Big-lodges, the Kicked-in-the-bellies and all the others. Plenty Coups himself was a Burned-mouth by birth, but had been raised by the Newly-made-lodges.

GAME was plentiful that summer in the Bear-tooths, and the Crows feasted on the fat meat of elk, deer and bighorn sheep brought in to camp by the busy hunters. Yet, for all the feasting and merry-making, the gathering had its gravely serious side. The people had met

(*Continued on page* 32)



Crow Indians, at the Crow Agency, Montana, in the 1880's.

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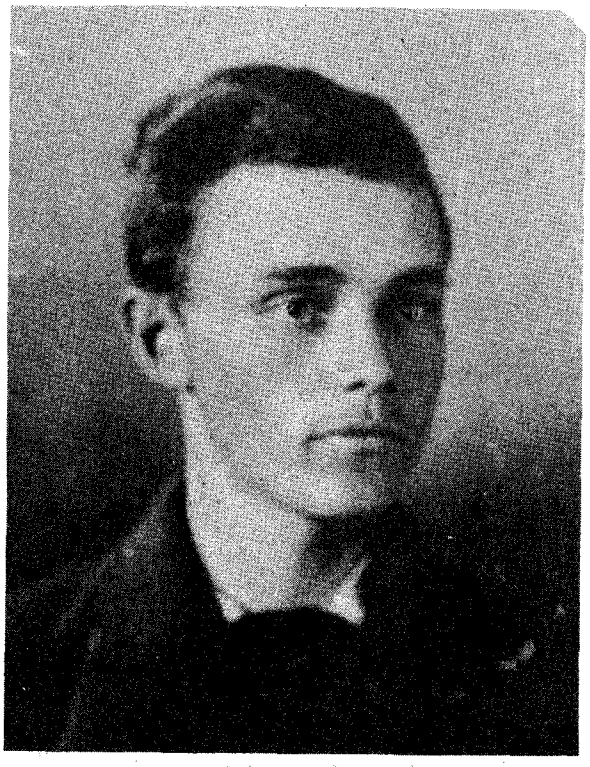

Bob Ford, murderer of Jesse James.

BOB FORD--

"The Man Who

By STEPHEN BALCOMBE

Photos from Frontier Pix

FEW people had ever heard of Bob Ford when he was a member of the James Gang of outlaws; but in 1882, after he killed the leader, he made headlines in all the leading newspapers of the country. He was twenty-two years old. He had deep-set grey eyes, a thin blonde mustache and weighed about 135 pounds.

The Governor of Missouri had offered a reward of $10,000 for the capture of Jesse James, dead or alive, and it was too great a temptation for Ford. He knew where Jesse James was hiding, as did other members of the gang, and immediately began to plan how to collect the reward. Of the shooting, he once said, "If I had thought I would have had to kill Jesse, I never would have gone into the job. I had it all planned to get the reward for his capture and after that, he would have escaped as he did before. I didn't tell him that, but my brother Charlie knew it and so did the governor. When the time came, I called out to Jesse to throw up his hands. I thought he had no weapon and would quit right there, but he didn't.

"I swear to God, boys" —and here Bob always became very flushed and excited—"Jesse tried to get the drop on me and he had half turned around with a gun in his hand when I fired. They say I shot him in the back, but that isn't so. If the body hadn't been taken up, I could have proved it at the time."

At other times, he told that he had heard in a round-about way that Jesse didn't consider him trustworthy and planned to kill him during the next bank robbery. Whatever the reason, the job was done, and Bob considered himself a brave man.

After the shooting, he gave himself up to officers, stood trial and was convicted of the murder; but he was immediately pardoned by the governor as had previously been arranged. He took the reward money and with his brother Charlie, also a member of the gang, spent several months in different parts of Missouri. Then they traveled East, where they filled engagements in low variety halls and where Bob posed as a hero. In two years, they had squandered the ten thousand dollars, and Charlie committed suicide. Bob started back West and after a few years located in Walsenburg, Colorado. He opened a saloon and gambling house. By this time he had acquired a common-law wife named Dottie.

BOB became more nervous, moody and ill-tempered. He was suspicious of everyone. He knew that some time Jesse James' death would be avenged. His small beady eyes were never still, constantly roving, hoping to beat the other fellow to the draw. He frequently said, referring to the murder of Jesse James, "I know what I done and what's goin' to come out of it, but I ain't a damn bit ashamed. I know I'll probably die with my boots on."

He assumed the role of the great desperado and would pick a fight over trivial matters. He bragged of the exploits of the James gang and the prominent part he played in them. He wanted everyone to know that he was the sole and only slayer of Jesse James. He boasted that he owned the widest brimmed hat in the West and that the brace of revolvers he wore constantly in a belt at his waist were the largest and best that could be purchased on the market.

He had been in Walsenburg only a short time when he heard of Creede, Colorado, a new mining district opening in the mountains to the West. It looked like green pastures to Bob, so he packed his gambling equipment and went there.

He found a place of wildest confusion. The town was situated along each side of Willow Creek canyon. Ore wagons and buggies crowded the narrow path between the houses. People on foot pushed and shouted at each other. The trains came in three times a day and disgorged passengers who were packed into the coaches like sardines in a can. The men who could not crowd into the coaches clung to the top and sides of the train. People from all over the country were confident that if they could only get to Creede, their financial worries would be over.

Many buildings on Main Street were finished when Bob and Dottie arrived; others were in the process of construction. Hammering and sawing went on all night. Hotel managers took lodgers when there was no roof over the bed.

Bob and Dottie opened their establishment in a two-story building and named it the Creede Exchange. The lower part contained the bar, gambling devices and dance hall; Dottie's girls were on the

Bob Ford's' Tent Saloon (in center) at Creede, Colorado, where he was killed by Ed O'Kelly. Crowd gathered in 10 minutes after the shooting.

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COLORADO

Killed JESSE JAMES"

"I know what I done and what's going to come of it," he said, time and again. And, sure enough, that's exactly what happened to the "sole and only slayer of Jesse James."

Bob Ford's victim—Jesse James.

second floor.

ALTHOUGH Ford was looked upon as a traitor by most of the men in camp because he had violated the code of the West in killing James, his saloon served good whiskey and became one of the most popular places in camp. He was making money.

Bob was generous and willing to help anyone in trouble when he was sober, but when drunk he wanted to shoot up the town. His favorite sport was shooting out the lights on the street or in a saloon. One night while drunk, he succeeded in forcing everyone off the main street with his wild and reckless shooting. The miners and business men objected to this nine o'clock curfew.

AFTER many such demonstrations of terror and destruction of property, the business men knew that something must be done. They called a private meeting and decided to order Ford to leave town. They sent him a notice stating that he leave on the following day on the four o'clock train, or else!

Bob did not hesitate; he immediately locked up his business and with Dottie left town.

Pueblo, Colorado, then became a haven, but the Fords had been there only a short time when Bob began writing to the business men of Creede, asking that he be allowed to return. He promised to behave and agreed to become, as he put it, "a leading citizen". He also sent a public apology to the local newspaper. In it, he humbly apologized to the citizens of the camp for his poor conduct and asked that he be permitted to return, at least for a short time, in order that he might dispose of his property. He received no reply.

In a few weeks, however, he learned through friends that he would not be molested if he returned. One night, he and Dottie slipped back into camp, but he did not sell his business; he merely re-opened it.

Then disaster struck. A few minutes before six o'clock on the morning of June 5th, three pistol shots rang out. It was the official fire alarm. Smoke poured out of the second story of the "Flat-Iron" block. A woman starting a fire with kerosene had caused an explosion. The flames quickly spread to all adjoining buildings, then leaped across the street, catching everything in its path. No fire fighting equipment had been purchased, so bucket brigades were formed from the town wells and the nearby creek, but the fire raced on. Buildings ahead were blasted with dynamite in an effort to stop the flames, but accomplished nothing.

As the fire swept down the main street, business men hired any sort of conveyance to take their merchandise out of the buildings to a safe distance away from the fire. Buggies, spring wagons, ore wagons, anything on wheels was converted into a transportation system.

Bob Ford realized that the fire would not stop before reaching his saloon which was toward the south end of town. He ran down the street, trying to find a dray or ore wagon not in use. But there was none to be hired, they were all working for someone else. Then he shouted that he would pay a thousand dollars to anyone who would help him get his baby grand piano away from the fire. There is no record stating who collected this bonus but it is known that he saved the piano. Bob knew that with a piano he could soon start into business again.

At last the flames reached the sparsely settled section of residences and was brought under control. Eight o'clock, only two hours after the fire had started, found three blocks on each side of Main Street a blackened patch of wreakage.

BOB was broke. He had previously spent all his money for expensive equipment. He managed to borrow money to set up a large tent-house a few blocks south. The tent-house, whose floor and walls were of boards and roof of canvas, had two rooms. The front room which faced the street was for the dance hall and dispensing liquors; the other served for living quarters. Dottie's girls were conveniently located in a nearby boarding house. With his piano, and easy-to-get whiskey, Ford was ready for business on Tuesday night, two days after the fire.

Early on Wednesday afternoon, June 8th, 1892, a woman came into the tent-house saloon to solicit funds to bury a dance-hall girl who had taken poison the previous evening. Bob looked at the list of names and the amount each had contributed. One was Soapy Smith, a gambler whom Bob disliked. Smith had given five dollars. Bob wrote his own name down, then across from it ten dollars. Directly underneath he penciled, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." He handed the woman ten dollars, and turned to go into the rear room.

As he turned, Edward O'Kelly walked into the tent-house with a double barreled shotgun. "Ho! Bob!" O'Kelly called out. Bob turned. In that instant, O'Kelly raised the gun and fired both barrels. Bob fell on his back, blood spurting from a gaping hole in his neck.

O'Kelly walked over to the body, took a revolver from Bob's hip pocket and, carrying that in one hand, the shotgun in the other he walked to the front door. A deputy sheriff hearing the shot, rushed to the tent-house and arrested O'Kelly as he walked outside.

Dottie ran in and knelt by Bob's side,

(*Continued on page* 37)

Ed O'Kelly, slayer of Bob Ford.

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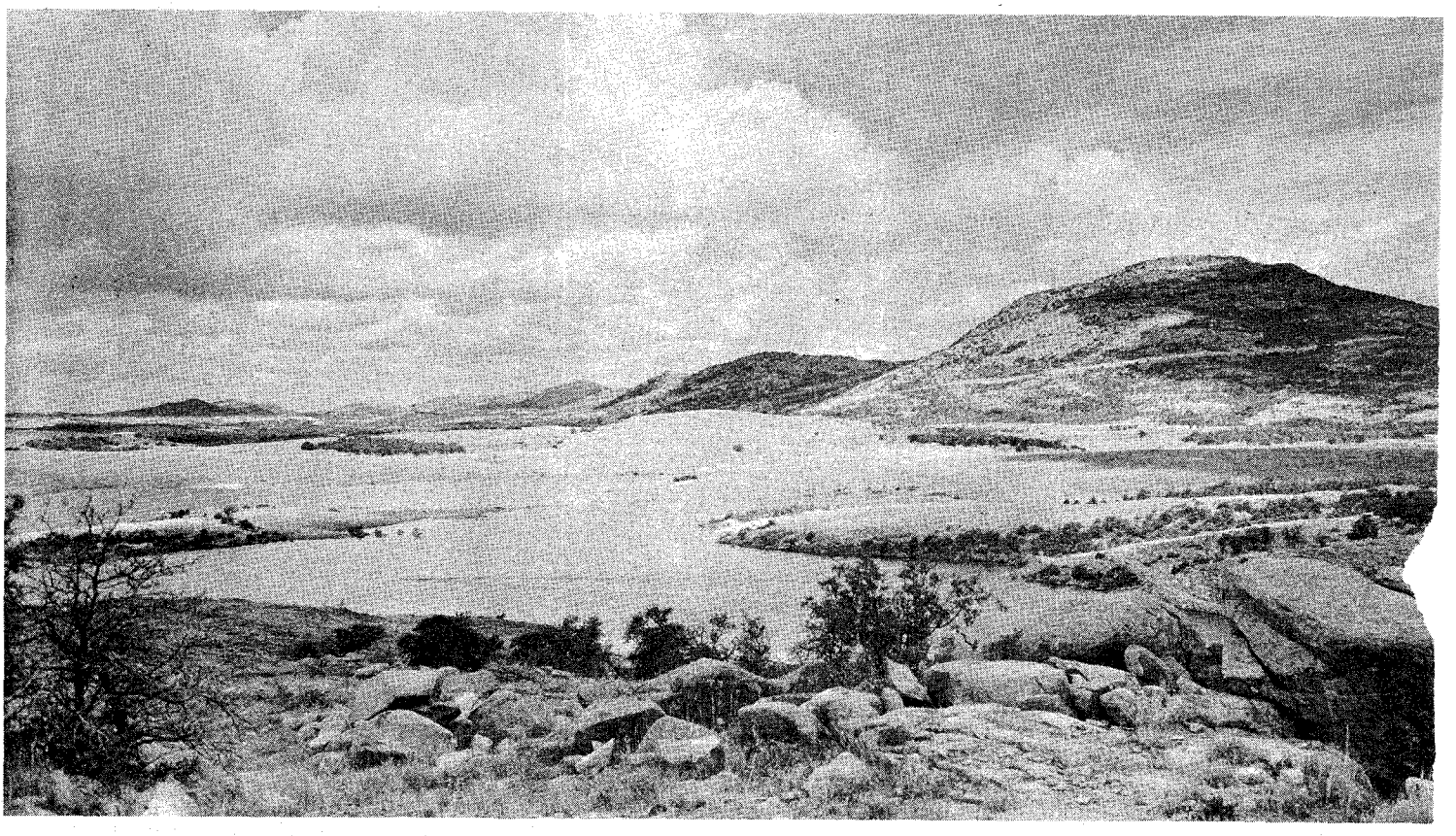

Somewhere in these Wichita Mountains lies the golden treasure.

My father says his cousin Bob Herring was loco when he told about burying that $31,000 in gold in the Wichitas. My father also says that if I don't quit hunting for that money, I'm going to be as loco as his Cousin Bob. But I can't help what my father says.

I Still Dig for Buried

By JOSH DRAKE, JR.

HUNDREDS of treasure hunters have wandered over the Wichita Mountains of Oklahoma looking for gold buried by such desperadoes as Jesse James, Joe Baker and Bob Herring. I am positive that Joe Baker never buried a penny in those mountains. I have always been skeptical of the tale that Jesse James buried over $50,000 in those hills. However, I am positive that Bob Herring did bury slightly over $31,000 in gold in the Wichitas and that it is still there. He was my father's cousin, and I heard the story from his own lips.

Cousin Bob was born in Eastland County, Texas, in 1870. He had a weakness for good horses. At the age of fifteen he stole a thoroughbred race horse and fled to the Indian Territory. For the next nine years he stole horses in Texas, Kansas, and from ranchers in the Territory which is now the State of Oklahoma.

In 1894, he joined Joe Baker and two other outlaws near Vernon, Texas. They robbed some cattlemen of over $35,000 in gold and headed for the Wichita Mountains to lay low for a few months.

Baker kept the gold in saddlebags and promised to split it four ways when they established a camp.

WHEN they reached their hideout in the Wichitas, Baker sent Cousin Bob out to shoot some game for supper. Cousin Bob suspected that they were plotting against him, so he slipped back on foot. He overheard Baker and his pals discussing how to get rid of him, so they would have to split the loot only three ways. They had worked together for years, and Cousin Bob was a newcomer. They decided he was not entitled to a share.

Baker was in favor of shooting Cousin Bob as soon as he returned, but the other two were more cautious. They were afraid that if they drew on him while he was awake, he might be able to throw some lead in their direction before he was killed. They wanted to shoot Cousin Bob after he went to sleep, and Baker agreed.

Cousin Bob slipped back through the bushes and walked a quarter of a mile to his horse. He returned to camp with two jackrabbits, knowing he would have to get the drop on those three or he would be a dead pigeon before morning. He tossed the rabbits beside the campfire and started rubbing down his horse.

Two of the men had stripped to the waist, but Baker had a .45 tucked in his belt. Cousin Bob walked between the men and their guns, whipped out his pistol and covered the trio.

They raised their hands, but it was easy to see that they were looking for a chance to jump him. He made them all lie down with their arms outstretched. Then he removed the .45

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from Baker's belt. He took the gold, all firearms and horses, and headed north, while the three tough boys shook their fists and swore they would get him.

Cousin Bob knew he should have killed them and hidden their bodies in the rocks, but he couldn't make himself shoot helpless men, even if they had conspired to take his life. He was a thief and robber, but he was not a killer. He had never shot anyone and hoped he would never have to.

Cousin Bob rode all night and led the tired horses. The next morning he picked out the best two mounts and turned the others loose. He rested an hour, then loaded the gold on one horse and mounted the other. He traveled all day and then felt safe to sleep when night fell.

Baker and the two men whom Cousin Bob remembered only as Buck and Six Toes would probably have to walk two or three days before they could steal or buy horses from the Comanches or some rancher. Then they would start trailing him.

THE next day as he was about to ride out of the Wichitas into the short grass country, Cousin Bob decided to hide most of his loot, for he knew his pack animal would be a dead giveaway. Not only was the Baker gang looking for that gold, but there were probably a few U. S. marshals interested in it, too.

Cousin Bob selected a certain spot on a certain mountain and buried $31,000. He kept $4,000 for traveling expenses and to spend on strong liquor and wild women when he found them.

He turned the pack animal loose and headed north on the best horse. He drifted into Kansas, into Montana and back to Texas.

The Baker gang split up, but they were all looking for Cousin Bob. Baker trailed him to Montana but was killed by a sheep herder one night while he was trying to steal a fresh horse.

The Texas Rangers caught Six Toes a year later and he was sent to the Texas State Prison at Huntsville for a killing in Austin. Six Toes was killed trying to escape in 1899.

That left only Buck. Cousin Bob heard nothing from him during those five years but he knew Buck was still looking for him. He didn't dare go look for the gold he had hidden until he learned that Buck had died or had been captured. The authorities had a good description of Buck and were still looking for him. However Cousin Bob was not identified as one of the Baker gang, so he made his home in Dallas and nobody suspected him.

Quite by chance, Cousin Bob, who was a good poker player, met Buck in a gambling house. By then, gun toting days were about over and neither of the men were armed. Bob hurried to his hotel for his gun and waited.

Buck came after him, and they shot it out in the dimly-lighted hall. Buck was killed, along with two innocent bystanders. In the dark, Bob hadn't been able to tell which was Buck, so he fired at everyone who ran down the hall.

The citizens were angry because the innocent people had been killed and they demanded that the judge throw the book at Cousin Bob. He was sent to the Texas State Prison for 35 years. He started serving his sentence in 1900.

NOW, I will explain how I came to visit Cousin Bob in prison. My father came to the Indian Territory when he was a boy in 1900, and his father filed on a quarter section of land.

In 1907, the Indian Territory became the State of Oklahoma and the gun toting bad men disappeared.

My father had never seen his notorious cousin but his adventures had become a legend in our family.

In 1920, my father bought a cattle ranch near the Wichita Mountains. Every year he made a trip to Texas to buy beef. One time he found himself only a few miles from Huntsville, so he visited his cousin. Every year after that when he went south to buy cattle he visited Cousin Bob.

In 1930, when I was 13 years old, I went with my father on his annual cattle buying trip, and we visited the fabulous Cousin Bob. I had heard so many stories about him that he had become a sort of hero to me.

The prison doors clanged shut behind us, the doors that had kept Cousin Bob away from his treasure for thirty years. He wasn't the fierce looking man that I knew from old family photos. He was old, bent and sick.

He shook my father's hand, and I was disappointed when he cried as we were introduced. They had brought him from the infirmary to the visiting room.

We talked for a few minutes, and Cousin Bob said to my father. "Josh, I've got T.B. and I'm dying. You're the only kin of mine that has come to see me since I came here. I've got five more years to go, and I can't make it. I'm going to tell you where you can find some gold."

He told all about his taking the gold from the Baker gang and told which mountain he had buried it on. He slipped a sketch to my father.

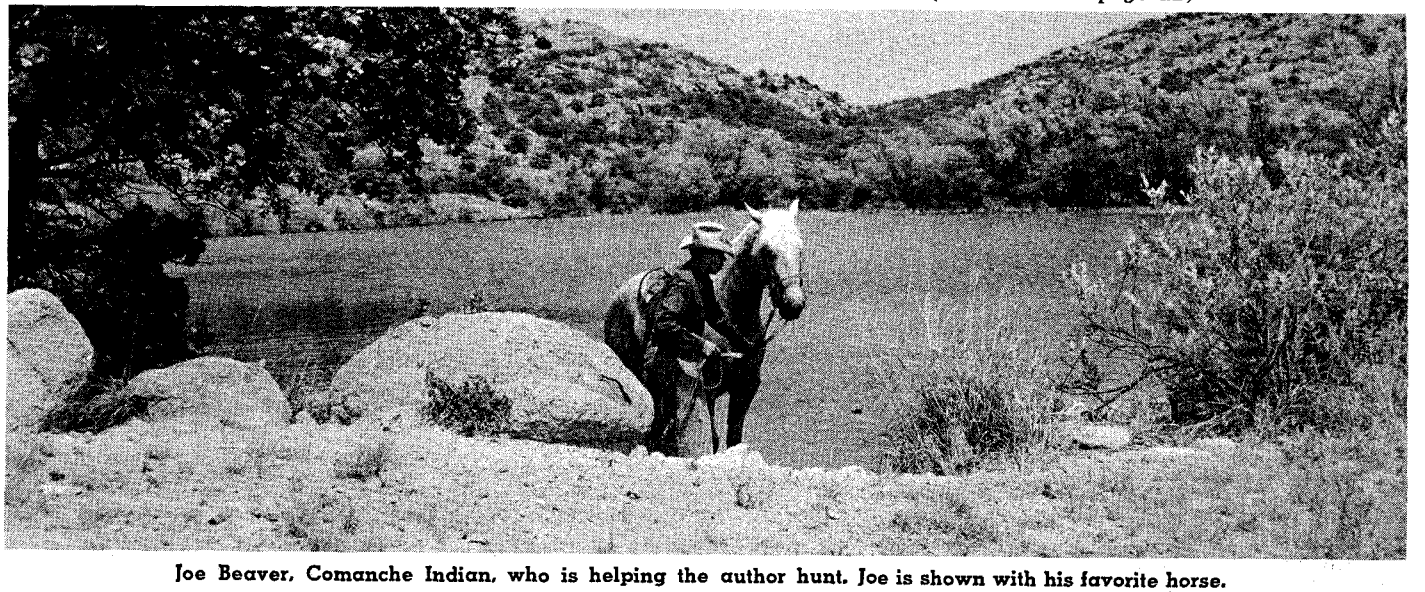
On the way home I was excited as only a thirteen-year old boy can be. But my father hadn't believed his cousin. He said the whole tale was only a sick man's ravings and that he had taken the sketch only to humor his relative. However, he kept the sketch.

Five months later we received word from the prison authorities that Cousin Bob had died and had been buried in the prison cemetery as he had requested.

AFTER that, I couldn't get that buried treasure off my mind. I kept pestering my father until he went with me to look for the gold. We located the mountain, but we couldn't locate a rock that resembled the one Cousin Bob had sketched and said the gold was buried under.

(*Continued on page 22*)

Treasure



Joe Beaver, Comanche Indian, who is helping the author hunt. Joe is shown with his favorite horse.

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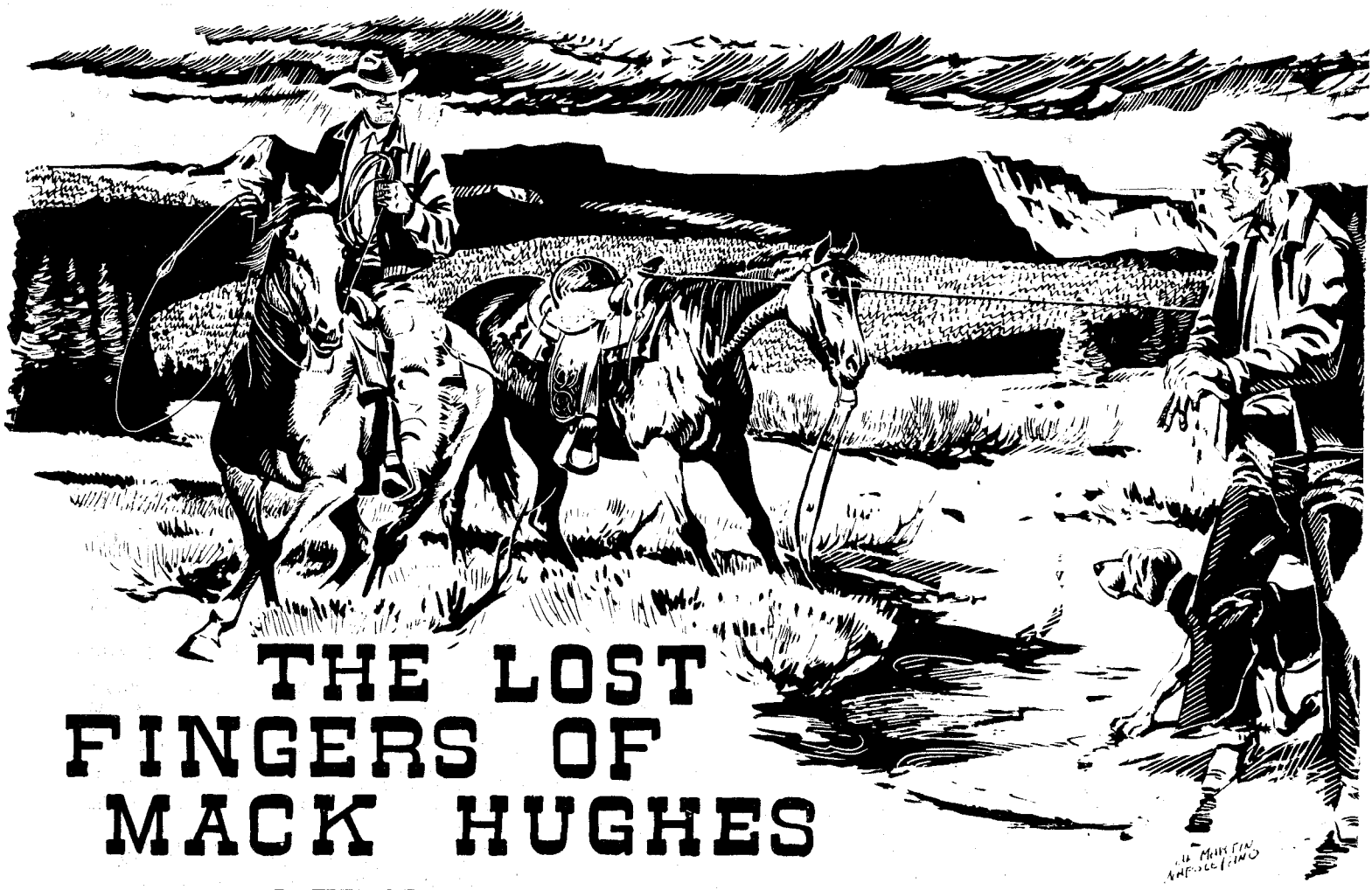

THE LOST FINGERS OF MACK HUGHES

By FRED GIPSON

"Just what in the hell is so funny about a man gettin' two fingers clipped off?"

MACK HUGHES tells about a fine wild mare he roped out of the Mogollon Mountains one time.

This took place around 1933, some years before Mack went to work for the U. S. Department of Interior as stockman for the Apache Indians on the San Carlos reservation, where he still is.

Mack and another cowhand by the name of Evins Baldwin were riding the Dutch O range for George Briggs and Bill Bauldwin. Their main job was trapping wild cattle out of the mountains. They'd built thirty- and forty-acre traps around the water holes in the deep canyons and visited the the traps regularly. This was to pick up any wild cattle that had pushed into the traps over night and failed to get back out through the limber-pole gate chutes, built to spring shut behind them.

Mack and Evins quit camp on a rainy morning, riding toward the Weimer trap at the head of Wagon Box Canyon, which is located some twenty-five miles from the old Mormon settlement of Heber. They'd topped out a high point not far from there, when they sighted this bunch of horses. There was around twenty head of these wild ones collected under one big pine and standing humped against the white downpour of rain.

There were a good many wild horses in the Mogollons in those days, and Mack and Evins had been in the habit of picking up any they could get their loops on. They could sell a good one for as much as five to ten dollars a head. Which sums were not considered chicken feed by cowhands, riding for forty a month and found.

Mack said: "We ought to charge that bunch."

But Evins, he shook his head. "It's too wet and slippery to mess with them things this morning."

So they rode on past, off the point and down into the canyon, trailed by Evins' cow-catching dog, Old Spot, who was about half bull and the rest just dog.

Then they heard a clatter and a pounding in the timber behind them. Spot let out a bark of warning. Mack and Evins twisted their necks in time to see all thirty head of the horses piling down off the slant, right after them.

The way Mack figured it, the wild bunch had got wind of him and Evins and started a scare run before they located the direction the man scent was coming from.

ANYHOW, here they came, with the stampede splitting and streaming down through the pines on either side of Mack and Evins. Which was too much for these itchy-handed cowboys. They grabbed up wet loops, bogged their spurs, and left out, bent on catching themselves some quick easy money.

Mack cocked his loop for a big bay mare running in the lead of the bunch that came past him. He liked her action and the speed with which she led him down into the canyon and up the opposite slant. She looked like she'd bring ten dollars, without much trouble.

Mack was mounted on an old brown horse he called Wilson. He had caught a lot of wild cattle and horses on Wilson. It took a fast-footed critter to keep in the lead of that old brown horse, once you got him stretched out good, but it looked like this mare was doing it.

She couldn't do it for long, however. They topped out the next point. Wilson got a good clear, down-hill run there and pretty soon had Mack up within roping distance of the bay. In fact, Wilson was gaining so fast that when Mack made his cast, he miscalculated and spilled out too much slack rope.

Mack reached out to gather in this slack before Wilson maybe stepped into the coils, and that's where he made his bad mistake. Wilson was the sort of horse used to throwing himself into a squat the minute a loop whipped past his head, and that's what he did now.

Mack felt the coils of his wet rope drawing shut in a half-hitch around his right wrist. He tried to jerk his hand free. He tried to spur Wilson hard to get more slack. And luck went against him on both counts.

Wilson was done set, with his rump against the ground. And with that wild mare still plunging headlong down the slant, Mack found himself caught between a rock and a

In sending this down, Fred penciled across the story: "If you have a queasy stomach, don't read th

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Illustrated by

Al Martin Napoletano

ARIZONA

hard place. That hitch jerked shut around his rope hand, and out of the saddle he went.

He was free of the rope by the time he hit the ground. He was also minus all the hide off his right hand, one thumbnail, and a couple of fingers. The weight of that mare when she hit the end of the rope had clipped both fore fingers clean off. Or, rather, one was gone, completely, while the other still hung to Mack's hand by a couple of bloody strings.

For a good long spell there, Mack was too stunned at what had happened to do anything more than stand between Wilson and that gone-wild roped mare and stare at the bloody stumps left on his hand. Then, here came his partner Evins, riding up and laughing his fool head off.

THAT made Mack mad. He said: "Now, just what in the hell is so funny about a man's getting two fingers clipped off?"

"Why, it ain't that," Evins said, laughing louder than ever. "It's that Old Spot. I just seen him gobble up the finger that fell on the ground."

Mack whirled on Old Spot, mad at him now. But Spot was licking his chops and wearing such a satisfied expression on his ugly face that Mack's mad all drained away and he had to laugh a little, himself.

"Well, I guess if that old dog can get any good out of my finger he just as well. Ain't no more good to me."

Mack got out his pocket knife, aiming to give Spot another bait of fresh meat, but Evins put up an argument. He said Mack oughten to do that, that it was taking too big a risk. He said they'd better take it to a doctor, and what did Mack want him to do with the wild mare he'd caught.

"Build up a fire and slap my brand on her," Mack said. "Then tie her up, so she can't get away. Done lost two fingers. Ain't no sense in losing her, too."

Mack left the mare for Evins to brand and stake out for him and rode off toward camp, wrapping a red bandana handkerchief around his hand to keep that second finger from dangling and flopping around.

Evins caught up with him about the time Mack rode into camp. He poked around in his war bag till he located a quart of whiskey. This he handed to Mack, as they climbed into Evins' Ford roadster.

"You can work on that bottle while I drive," Evins said.

So Mack worked on the whiskey while Evins drove. They were headed for Winslow, some seventy-five miles away. But the rain kept streaming down and the road was mushy soft and Evins' roadster had about enough power to pull a man's hat off his head on a windy day. So, of course, it wasn't any surprise to anybody that they got stuck on the average of about once in every mile.

Sometimes they could push the roadster out of the bog holes, but most of the time they couldn't. Then they'd have to get out and gather brush and pack rocks, which they'd stuff under the spinning rear wheels for traction.

And while repeated pulls at that whiskey bottle soon set the mountains to rocking and weaving around for Mack and started the water to running uphill in places; if it ever robbed him of the least bit of his hurt, Mack never did miss it any. Those two fingers he had lost, they had sure gone to talking back to him.

ON top of that, Evins, who was tapping the bottle now and then, too, just in case Mack wasn't getting enough of the pain-killer, felt called upon to keep Mack cheered up all he could. He'd say, "I'll be dammed, Mack, I sure hate it about Old Spot eating up that finger. Best ketch-dog I ever owned, and I'd sure hate for all that fresh meat to upset his stomach." Then he'd slap Mack on the leg and laugh till the tears blinded him and they'd run off into another bog hole, and there they'd be again.

Well, Mack never has looked back on that drive as any pleasure tour, but they finally made it in to Winslow around four o'clock in the afternoon. Here, by taking good tight, bracing holds on each other, so that if any one leg tried to buckle or wander off in the wrong direction, there were three more to keep the true course, they carried Mack's hand straight into old Dr. Stump's office.

Dr. Stump, according to Mack, was blessed with about the same fine sense of humor that had made Evins such good company on the way into town. He was the sort to rawhide the hell out of a patient, while he cut him to pieces. He unwrapped the mud- and rain- and blood-soaked bandana from Mack's hand. He beamed cheerfully at the mutilation. Then he took a knife and whacked off the other finger—just like Mack would have done at the start, if Evins hadn't stopped him.

Then there took place a happening that Mack doesn't want anybody to believe if he finds it too big a strain, but one that he is willing to swear on a head-high stack of Bibles is the absolute truth.

He says Doc Stump pitched that second finger onto a table beside him, where a big housecat grabbed it up and tore out of the office with it.

The look on Mack's face set Evins and Doc Stump both to laughing.

"Hell, don't pay any attention to that," Doc said. "You'd be surprised at all the different cuts of meat that old cat eats around here."

Mack couldn't see how news of that sort could be expected to bring him any great comfort but was too sick with whiskey and hurt to give it much thought. He let Doc Stump finish patching him up and hoped the wild bay mare he'd caught would pay the bill.

But, as it turned out, his hand got infected, so that the bill ran to better than a hundred dollars. And when Evins finally went to bring in Mack's mare for sale, he found that he'd left her tied too low on that pine sapling, so that she'd gotten slack and run against the rope and broken her fool neck.

After that round, Mack never has looked upon wild-horse roping as a real money-making business.

Mack—minus his fingers.

›fore a meal. On second thought, don't read it after a meal either!"

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ALASKA

Bunco artist and king of Western con men, Soapy Smith wore a grin so infectious and confidence-inspiring that a group of outraged Yukon miners finally froze it to his face—permanently.

DEVIL'S

WHEN young Jeff Smith lost his full month's cowhand pay to a smooth gent operating a shell game on a San Antonio street corner, he was overjoyed. This, he felt, was the luckiest day of his life; he had learned an invaluable lesson. His perpetual grin grew wider.

"This is for me," Jeff told himself. "Why spend my life pushin' Texas longhorns over the plains, when I can stand on a street corner in town and make a fortune—"

"Hey, cowboy!" yelled the shell manipulator. "Either play or stand back an' let somebody else play."

Young Jeff stepped aside. "I ain't a cowboy, mister. Not any more, I ain't!" He grinned at the shell man.

"If you ain't a cowboy, what are you?"

"I'm your hired hand," said Jeff. "From now on, I work for you."

"You're crazy, son!" laughed the shell man. "But I'm kinda crazy myself. Maybe we can work a deal."

Closing the game, picking up his small folding table and placing the shells in his pocket, the shell game operator led the ex-cowboy to a saloon to talk things over.

For several months, while Jeff Smith was learning to manipulate shells, he earned his keep and travel money by acting as his mentor's "shill." Young Jeff would take his place in the crowd gathered around the small canvas-topped table, and wait for a lull in the play. Then, still looking like a gawky, guileless cowboy just in from the range, he would pretend to play the game. He never failed to point to the shell under which the pea was lying. With a shout of joy he would pocket the money he "won" and hurry away. Others in the crowd, figuring that they could guess right also, rushed to place their bets and lose their hard-earned cash.

Three hours every night Jeff practiced placing the elusive pea under one of the shells, then sliding pea and shells around quickly, until the pea rested under a different shell. Within a year, Jeff could work the shell game like an expert and was off on his own.

Leadville, Colorado, was at the height of its gold boom when young Smith arrived there and set up shop on the corner of Third Street and Harrison Avenue. For several days he had no opposition in separating the suckers from their money via his little game. Profits rolled in, and Jeff's friendly grin seldom left his face.

One morning Jeff looked across the street and saw that competition had arrived in the form of a high-hatted, frock-coated elderly gentleman bedecked with diamonds. Smith watched enviously as the crowd ignored his stand and flocked around that of the fancy old rooster across the way. He also noticed that the crowd remained intact, loath to leave the spot. Jeff closed his table and sauntered over to find out what the great attraction was.

The bejeweled old gent was making a spiel. On the table in front of him was stacked a number of two-inch square cubes of soap. To his right lay a neat sheaf of blue wrapping papers. On the left side of the table was a large stack of greenbacks, with a hundred dollar bill

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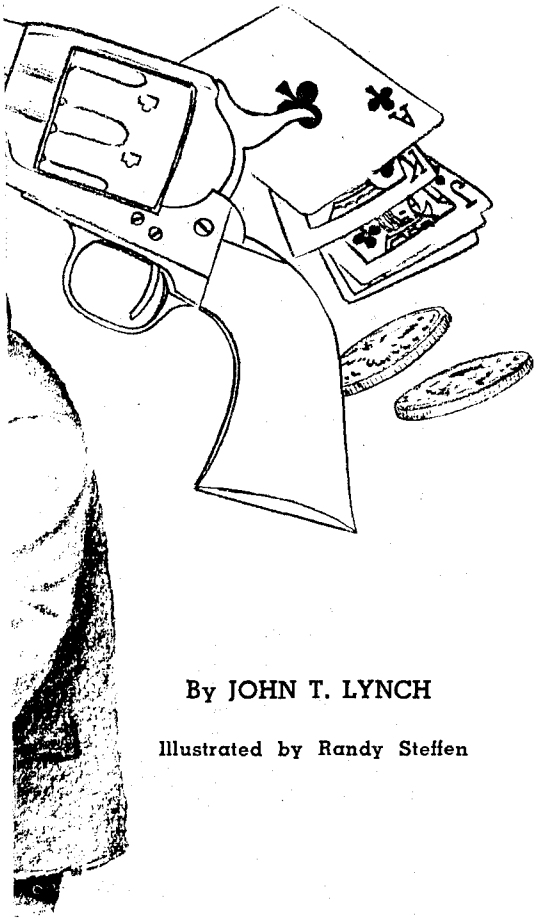

By JOHN T. LYNCH

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

GRIN

showing on top.

"GENTLEMEN," said the elegant pitchman, "surely you have all heard of soap. By the looks of many of you, you haven't been near a bar of soap for years. The white cubes you see on the table, gentlemen, are made of soap."

At this strategic point, the spieler held up a piece of soap for all to see. Then he would pick up a piece of the blue paper and start to wrap the bar of soap. Seemingly as an afterthought, he would reach out and pick up a bill of large denomination from the money pile and wrap both soap and bill in a sheet of blue paper, talking as he wrapped. The gathering noted that he placed a greenback in every third or fourth package. He dropped the wrapped parcels in a growing pile in the center of the table.

"Now, gents, step forward," droned the pitchman. "You have watched me wrap big bills in many of these packages. The soap alone is worth a dollar—but, for one dollar, you can take your pick of the stack of packages. You can win a hundred or fifty dollar bill for only one dollar! Who's first, gents?"

The crowd fought to be first. Every man handed over a dollar for one of the packets. In five minutes the stack was sold out.

Young Smith was so impressed that he watched the newcomer work all day. His shell game was petty larceny compared to *this* racket!

Early in the day, Smith had flashed the elderly pitchman the universal sign of the bunco brotherhood. The old man acknowledged it, and, at the first opportunity, invited Jeff to drink and dine with him that night after the day's play was over.

The meeting of the old soap pusher and young Jeff proved interesting and profitable for both.

"My name is V. Bullock Taylor," said the old man at dinner that evening. "I am proud to state that I am the sole originator of the soap game. What's *your* line, young man?"

"I'm just a shell game man," confessed Jeff. " I thought I was doing pretty good until I watched you. Now I know I'm just a punk—"

"Tut! Tut!" smiled his host. "You are not a punk, my boy, although hardly in my class as an artist. Many shell men have tried to copy my soap-wrapping stunt, but all fail."

"How many greenbacks did you actually wrap in those packets today?" asked Jeff.

The old pitchman smiled again. "Not a one, my boy, not a single one!"

"Seems like some of the customers would get wise. In my shell game, one of 'em is bound to get lucky once in a while. But when your crowd notices that nobody gets a greenback—"

"Ah, but they *don't* notice!" laughed Taylor. "Nobody wants to look like a fool, or an easy mark. They open the packets, peek in, and maybe pretend that they haven't been cheated. That's what makes my game so pleasant. Never any trouble."

By morning, Taylor and young Smith had formed a partnership. Once again, Jeff Smith learned the tricks of another's trade from a master of the art. Eight months later, Taylor cheerfully admitted that young Jeff was better at the soap game than he was. Then the old man conveniently died, leaving the soap field to his protegé, Jeff Smith.

AFTER giving his mentor a fine funeral in Leadville, Jeff decided to try Denver. At that time, in the late 90's, Denver was quickly becoming a city of importance. The population was rapidly increasing.

Jeff Smith set up his equipment on Seventh Street, started his spiel and was in business.

After six months in booming Denver, Smith found himself getting rich. People came for miles to play his game. Jeff's glib tongue and fast fingers paid off handsomely. Such was his warm, friendly personality that even the clipped suckers liked him. "Ol' Soapy's a corker!" they'd say to themselves—and walk away, shaking their heads in admiration.

One night Soapy was starting to count the day's take when a knock sounded at his hotel room door. Never one to take chances, Jeff leveled his six-gun at the door and said, "Come in."

A tall, gaunt, impressive-looking individual, dressed in black broadcloth and white linen, stepped into the room.

"Drop the gun, young man," he suggested suavely. "I want to talk to you."

Soapy lost his grin. "Who are you and what the hell do you want?"

The tall stranger stared reprovingly at Jeff. " I am Doctor Lemuel Baggs and—as I have already told you—I want to talk to you."

Smith tossed the gun on the bed. "Hell, why didn't you say so? Sit down, Doc. I'm proud to meet you."

Doc Baggs, as Jeff well knew, was the smartest of all con men—the originator of the gold brick selling game. Doc's artistically gold-coated lead oblongs had been bought by suckers throughout the West, but so far he had managed to keep a jump ahead of the law.

"You didn't notice me today, my boy, as I watched you operate," smiled Baggs. "I couldn't help observing that you are wasting your talents in a picayune game. I can help you make big money—not the nickels and dimes you are making now. It so happens that I am temporarily in what we might call semi-retirement—at the request of the local constabulary. However, I will guide and instruct you in the operation of three fine plays I have just polished up. You will lead my other boys in the transactions—at great profit to us all."

Soapy jumped at the chance to become associated with the great Doc Baggs. Never again did he sell another bar of soap. He quickly went on to other and bigger things.

SHORTLY after being trained in the operation of big bunco games by Doc Baggs, fate gave Jeff Smith another assist. Doc conveniently cashed his checks, leaving Soapy with his fertile schemes and well-knit organization. Under the new leader, the nefarious outfit expanded tremendously. Soapy Smith and his gang would even dictate choices for high political offices; fixing, bribing, stealing, cheating and marauding. They ruled entire towns. Soapy became an evil power in the West.

The larcenous crew that Soapy inherited from Doc Baggs, plus new recruits, became the most successful bunco gang of all time. Their lurid exploits have never been equalled. They originated con games that are still in operation. They sold fake mining stocks and claims, ran phony horse races, peddled nonexistent hidden treasures and lost mines, duping suckers from coast to coast in person or by mail.

Soapy Smith had come a long way from the long nights and hot, dusty days along the Texas trails up to the Kansas railheads. The ex-cowboy, the man with the wide grin, had become a king of the underworld.

Outstanding members of Soapy's crew were "Reverend" Charles Bowers, "Judge" Norman Van Horn, and—as court jester—"Ice Box" Bernie Bolton.

"Reverend" Bowers, innocent and gentle in appearance and sanctimonious in manner, was the chief "steerer" for the gang. He lured the victims to the kill. The "Reverend" made "friends" easily and quickly, as he knew every secret grip and sign of every existing fraternal organization—and had buttons and pins to match. He was a lodge

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Tombstone's Boothill, most famous in the West. Central sign reads: "Buried here are the remains of Tom McLowery, Frank McLowery and Billie Clanton—killed in Earp-Clanton Battle September 26, 1881. Dan Dowd, Red Sample, Tex Howard, Bill DeLaney and Dan Kelly—Hanged legally by J. E. Ward, Sheriff, for the Bisbee Massacre, March 8, 1884. John Heath—Lynched by Bisbee Mob, Feb. 22nd, 1884. M. E. Peel—Murdered in Charleston, March 8, 1882."

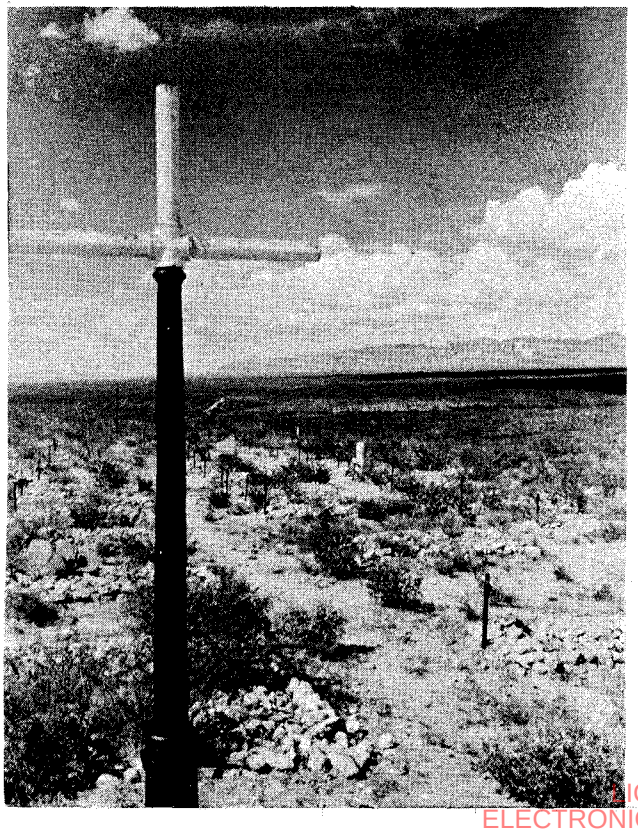
Frontier Pix photos

Tombstone, Arizona

...the Town Too Tough To Die

By KENT CHRISTY

McDonald Studio photo



Another view of Boothill

Here Lies Lester Moore
Four Slugs From a .44
No Less No More

THE above epitaph may still be seen at Tombstone's notorious Boothill. The grim poetry expresses perfectly the tempo of Tombstone's lurid past. In 1881, 110 liquor licenses were issued in Tombstone—roughly, one liquor license for every nine men in camp. That doesn't mean there were 110 saloons—far from it! Liquor was sold in almost every type of establishment, including the ones where the allegedly beautiful actresses and dancing girls performed. Fourteen faro banks entertained the boys when they weren't ogling the gals or bending the elbow.

In that same year of 1881, the County Recorder at Tucson was estimated to be making about $3,000 a week in mining fees in Tombstone. Often as many as 100 locations a day were registered with the County Recorder from Tombstone alone. There was nothing dishonest about the County Recorder's receiving this handsome amount, for, in those happy days, all fees went to the officials.

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The birth of Tombstone can be attributed to one man, Ed Schieffelin. Ed was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, 1848. While he was still a boy, his parents moved to Oregon where his father became a farmer. A restless youth, Ed did not fancy the humdrum life of a farmer and soon ran away from home to become a prospector in southern Oregon. Prospecting quickly became an absorbing passion with Ed Schieffelin and remained so all his life.

After working the southern Oregon region, he moved on to Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, Idaho and finally Arizona. When Ed ran low on grub-stake money he would take a job at anything to raise funds for another jaunt into the hills. During one of these tight periods he went into temporary service with the Army as a scout. While scouting, he discovered southern Arizona for himself and decided to see if there was any mineral wealth there.

Upon leaving the Army, Ed got a job doing assessment work on the Brunchow mine, about a mile north of what is now the small town of Charleston a few miles west of Tombstone. This was in the winter of 1877-78.

The Brunchow mine had been located in 1858 by a Polish scientist of the same name, and turned out to be valueless. Yet, valueless or not, it led indirectly to the discovery of vast quantities of silver and copper.

WHENEVER Ed got the chance, he would go off into the hills prospecting. He prospected frequently, since assessment work did not require constant effort. Ed it was who named the then non-existent mining camp Tombstone. It happened this way.

Schieffelin, at this time, was perhaps the only white man who dared to brave the dreaded Apaches by prospecting the hills. Once, as he started out, a companion inquired: "Where you goin', Ed?" "Just out to look for stones," Ed replied. "The only stone *you* find will be your tombstone!" snorted his friend.

Shortly thereafter, Ed discovered some silver "float" and shouted in triumph, "At last I've found my tombstone!" He named the mine the Tombstone and recorded it on September 3, 1877. Soon after this, Ed's brother Al and a man named Dick Gird joined him. The original Tombstone did not contain much mineral wealth, but other richer claims were staked, such as the Tough Nut, Goodenough and Lucky Cuss.

However, not long after the arrival of the Schieffelin group, a man named Ed Williams and his partner Jack Friday accidentally stumbled upon the upper mineral section of the area. The story of their discovery is one of those humorous quirks of Fate with which the West abounds.

One night Williams and Friday were forced to make a dry camp. During the night their mules broke loose and started along an Indian trail in search of water. Next morning, Ed and Jack started trailing the missing animals. Tracking was made easier by the fact that one of the mules was dragging his chain and so made a clear trail. The two men found the mules—and also found the bright gleam of silver where the dragging chain had unearthed it. These thirsty mules caused the discovery of the richest lode ever uncovered in the area.

The lode was later named the Contention Lode, for the discovery had been made near the Schieffelin holdings and Ed Schieffelin argued hotly that the lode was his. The quarrel was resolved amicably by dividing the land; the Schieffelins taking the Contention Lode, and the Williams-Friday interests accepting the other end, the Grand Central.

Not long after discovery, the Contention was sold to W. D. Dean of San Francisco for $10,000. Later, millions of dollars were taken out of the mine.

Now the rush was on! Mining companies poured into the area; the Consolidated, Tombstone Milling and Mining Company, Virginia, Empire, Stonewall, and others. But it was not all smooth sailing. Water in the mines caused more than one fortune to be lost.

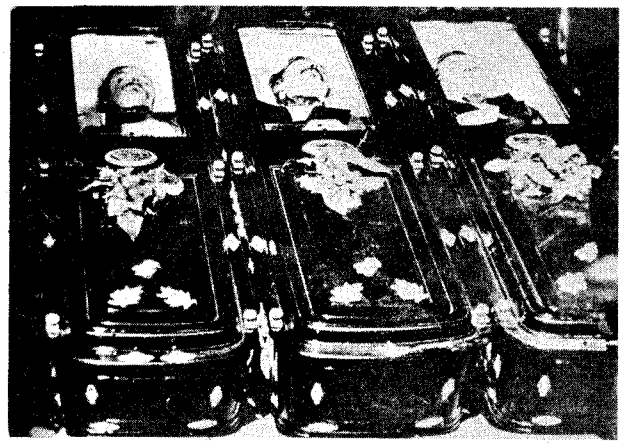
The Sulphuret shaft struck water at 500 feet. The Grand Central and Contention lodes installed pumps, but soon found they were draining all the water in the district while the other companies declined to share the expense of operating the pumps. The Grand Central pump was a Cornish type estimated to have cost $300,000. The Grand Central continued pumping until the spring of 1886, when the surface works were destroyed by fire.

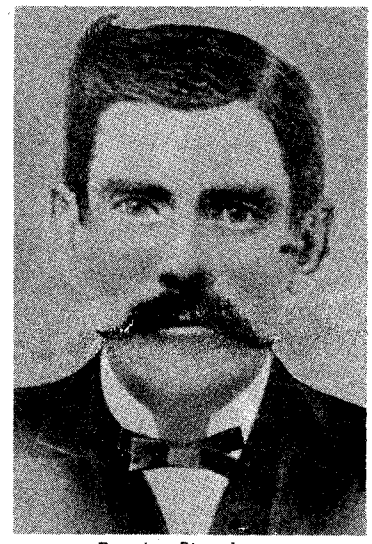
In 1879, the Corbin brothers, Hamilton Distin of Philadelphia, and Simmons Squire of Boston, bought out the Schieffelin-Gird interests for $2,000,000.

ALREADY violence had become common in Tombstone, much to the distress of the many decent, law-abiding residents of the booming town. The Old Brunchow Mine is said to have caused the death of sixteen men who quarreled over possession. It has also been claimed that the old Brunchow was a blind for smugglers who made a pretext of mining in order to cover their operations.

With such mineral wealth surrounding her and waiting only to be dug from the earth, Tombstone mushroomed incredibly. In 1879 there were only forty tents and cabins with a total population

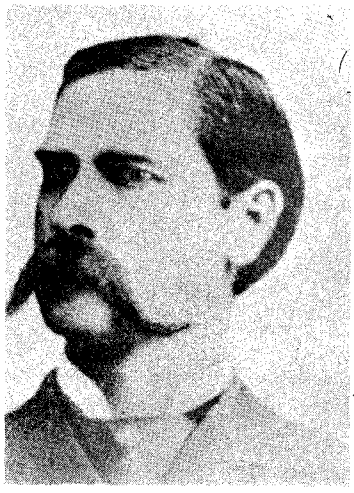
(*Continued on page* 26)

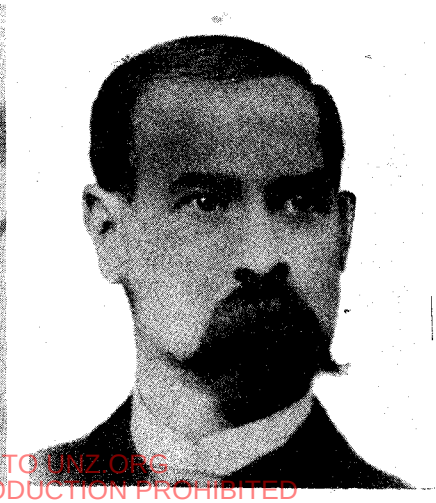


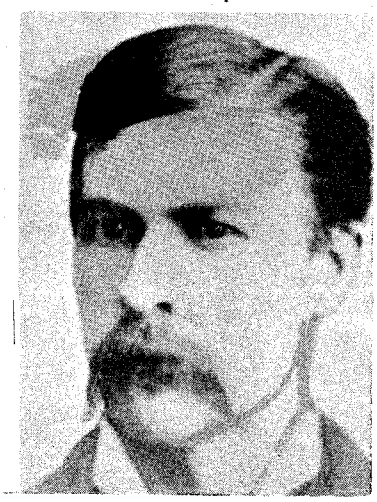


Above, Tom and Frank McLowery with Billy Clanton, after the fight at O.K. Corral with the Earp brothers and Doc Holliday. Right, J. H. (Doc) Holliday, as he appeared in the 1880's. Below, from left to right, the Earp brothers, Wyatt, Virgil, James, and Morgan.

Frontier Pix photos







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Famous Mexican bandit leader, Pancho Villa.

Wyatt Earp, as he appeared in 1926.

Frontier Pix photos

Outlaws never die—like old soldiers, they just fade away. But—unlike old soldiers—outlaws invariably re-appear! Don't believe it? Read—

Outlaws Never

By J. CHARLES DAVIS

"THE trouble with killing outlaws," said Sheriff Jim Bascomb, "is that you never *really* kill them. Specially if they got a price on their heads. You can take the doggone head in and lay it on the courthouse steps and collect your money. But somehow, outlaws just don't die. People won't *let* 'em die."

"Take the case of Billy the Kid . . . "

Jim paused and spit on the burning sand where a cholla cactus bristled defiantly in the blazing Texas sun. We were sitting in the shade of the 'dobe house Jim called home, on the outskirts of Presidio, deep in the Big Bend country. Before us twisted the muddy Rio Grande. Beyond the Rio Grande, in Old Mexico, lay Ojinaga, whose sole claim to fame is the decisive battle in which Pancho Villa carved his bloody way to leadership in Northern Mexico.

And, of course, Pancho Villa was still out there in those mountains. He never died—if you don't believe it, why just go down there and ask some of the Mexicans way up in the mountains. They'll tell you . . .

Jim talked on. He was a sheriff of the old school—a horseback sheriff. Retired when I talked to him, back in 1931, he sat in the sun, rolled cigarettes, and meditated on a life just about coming to a close. But, in spite of his years, he was lean and tough as a hickory nut.

"I was in Fort Sumner," the oldtime sheriff went on, "when Sheriff Pat Garrett, Deputies John W. Poe and Tip McKinney came after the Kid. I wasn't a sheriff then, just a cowhand in from the range. Garrett killed the Kid in Pete Maxwell's room, along about midnight. Poe and McKinney were on the porch outside Maxwell's room at the time.

"The Kid's body lay in a room in a deserted carpenter shop all the rest of that night and part of the next day. I saw him soon after he was killed. So did everybody else in Fort Sumner, I guess. He was lying there with a ring of burning candles around him—candles the Mexican women lit as they prayed the long night through. Prayed and wailed. The Kid was mighty popular with the women—that's how he happened to get killed so easy. He wouldn't stay away.

"In the morning, the justice of the peace held an inquest over the body, and declared the Kid dead. Garrett, Poe, and McKinney rode back to Roswell, their jobs done.

"But the Kid wasn't dead," the oldtime sheriff added, smiling as he lit another cigarette. "All that evidence just don't count for anything when some story about the Kid being alive gets started. It spreads like a prairie fire. The Kid is down in Mexico, alive and safe, and living with a new sweetheart. The Kid has reformed—he's a big rancher."

"See what I mean? You kill 'em, but they never die, the outlaws."

THAT was twenty-four years ago that talk I had with ex-sheriff Jim Bascomb. Since Billy the Kid was little more than a boy when Pat Garrett mowed him down, he wouldn't have been such an old man if he happened to be really alive in 1931.

But the "he's alive" story carries right on to today.

In fact, only a few years back, a "Billy the Kid" in El Paso was applying, through his attorneys, for a pardon for all those crimes committed back in the early days. And, as you might expect, there were people on hand who looked at this particular "Billy the Kid" and agreed, "Yes sir, that's the boy. That's Billy the Kid!"

They just don't ever die.

Take, for example, Jesse James, probably the most famous of all the outlaws.

Western history books all tell how Jesse was shot in the back by a member of his own gang, a young fellow named Bob Ford. Jesse James' widow, who surely ought to have known him, saw the body and didn't have any doubts about its being that of her husband. The outlaw's mother was there at the funeral. You'd think a mother would know her boy, wouldn't you?

But people like to talk about a man like Jesse James, and even back in the early days after his death, folks got to spreading stories that it wasn't really Jesse that was killed. They'd talk about that wild battle at Coffeyville, Kansas, where the James-Dalton gang got pretty nearly wiped out, and they just didn't want to believe that a fellow as exciting as Jesse was dead.

You understand that—you make allowances for it.

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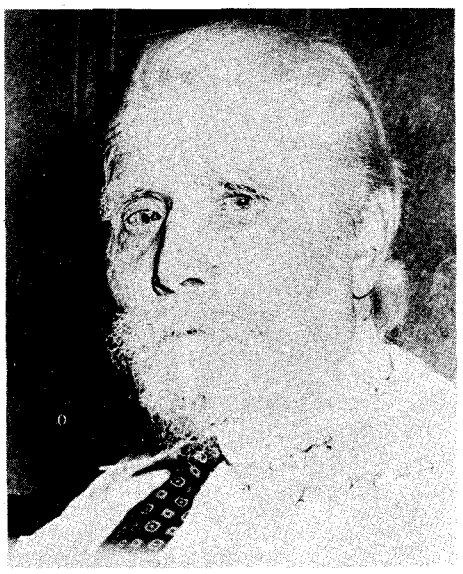
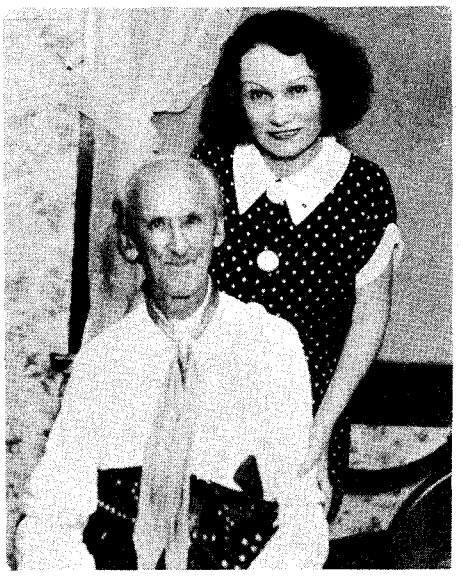


Outlaw Frank Dalton, in later years.

Joaquin Murietta, a notorious outlaw of early days in California.



John James, who claimed to be Jesse James.

Die

But how do you figure what happened just a little while back when J. Frank Dalton, a member of the gang, said he wasn't *really* J. Frank Dalton, he was Jesse James. The old boy got quite a bit of attention all over the country, and everybody got to talking about him. People began going back checking, and some newspapers "proved" that Dalton was, in fact, Jesse James.

Of course, there's that business of Jesse's wife and his mother . . .

Then there's that book by Emmett Dalton, Frank's brother, entitled "The Daltons Ride Again," in which Emmett tells about Jesse's death.

All that doesn't count. Outlaws never die—the people don't want them to die. Jesse's still alive . . .

TAKE Curly Bill, for example. You can believe that Curly Bill was just a plain horse-stealing, no-account, murdering gunman; or you can believe he was a fairly good egg who just happened to be on the other side of the fence from Wyatt Earp and the other Earps and Doc Holliday. You can believe either side you wish.

You can't though, if you read the records and all the accounts written at the time, believe Curly Bill is still alive.

But listen to this:

The scene was Willcox, Arizona. The Oldtimer and I sat under a shady tree on a small ranch near the edge of town, talking of the old days when Tombstone had its "man before breakfast" and Galeyville was the outlaw capital. That was when Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, Ike and Billy Clanton, John Ringo, Curly Bill, and others were making six-gun history.

There I learned that Curly Bill didn't really die. Across the shimmering *playa,* through heat waves that would later turn to the afternoon mirage, we could see the Chiricahuas where wily old Cochise took refuge when the troops pressed too close. Far off to the right towered the Winchesters, and behind us lay Bowie and Stein's Pass. High overhead a buzzard wheeled slowly, endlessly cruising the blue until its sharp eyes spied carrion below.

"Wyatt Earp killed Curly Bill at Iron Springs," my companion said. "Told me so himself, and Wyatt didn't lie. Blew him most in half with a blast from both barrels of his shotgun—and each barrel had nine buckshot in it. The charge took Curly plumb center, in the chest.

"But the story goes that Curly wasn't killed at all. Just galloped off into Mexico, where he settled down and raised a big family, got rich as an honest rancher, and may be still living for all I know. But I'm puttin' my money on his bein' killed that day in the fight at Iron Springs.

"Them stories never die," the Oldtimer went on. "Seems like every outlaw that gits hisself killed by a sheriff or a marshal, somehow manages to recover and slip away across the border. And down there he all of a sudden turns honest and gets rich. All mighty funny."

So Curly Bill lives on.

THEN there was Joaquin Murietta. You don't hear much about him, but he was actually the most notorious outlaw ever produced by or in California. And if there's a bloodier, more hair-raising account of the wind-up of a gunman in the whole history of this nation, you'll sure have to hunt to find it.

Joaquin was a tough one, a real killer. But he met his end begging the man who got him, Captain Harry Love, not to kill him. The begging didn't do much good. And neither did that of Jack Three Fingers, killed along with Joaquin.

There was a reward out for Joaquin, and Captain Love wasn't the kind of man to take chances on collecting his money. On August 14, 1853, the head of Joaquin Murietta and the maimed left hand of Jack Three Fingers was delivered in San Francisco to the proper authorities by the Messrs. Black and Nuttal, representing Captain Love. They carried with them many sworn documents, statements of people who knew the bandit well and who saw him dead.

There were such statements as that of Ignacio Lizarraga, to the effect that . . . he had seen the severed head of Joaquin . . . and deponent knew perfectly Joaquin Murietta, and that the aforementioned head is truly that of the celebrated outlaw, Joaquin Murietta.

And a statement from The Reverend Father Dominic Blaive along similar lines. The Reverend Father testified that—after examining the gruesome severed head of the bandit—it was the legitimate article, the right head.

The evidence was sufficient for the Governor of California to pay to Captain Love the sum of one thousand dollars, which the Governor had offered personally for Murietta's death or capture. It was sufficient for the California Legislature to vote Captain Love an additional $5,000 for the great service he had rendered the State.

While the identification of the head was taking place, the ghastly trophy was placed on display, on exhibition, at the saloon of John King at the corner of Halleck and Sansome Streets. King did a thriving business by charging one dollar admission for a view of the grisly object.

King put up signs:

JOAQUIN'S HEAD IS TO BE SEEN AT KING'S CORNER, HALLECK AND SANSOME STREET, OPPOSITE THE AMERICAN THEATRE. ADMISSION ONE DOLLAR

The crowds came, paid their dollar each per person, and shuddered.

Then the head was taken from San Francisco and exhibited in many smaller

(*Continued on page* 40)

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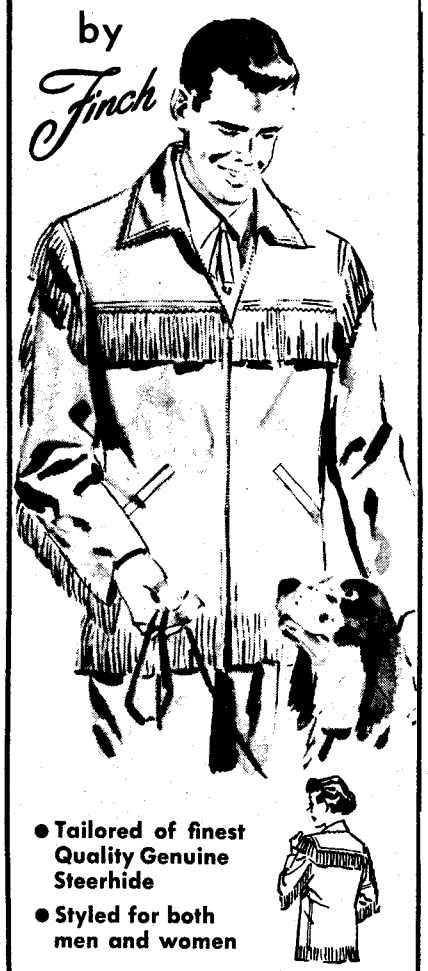
America's top Western Jacket!

the FRONTIER

by Finch



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I Still Dig for Buried Treasure

(*Continued from page* 13)

We dug for a week, and my father, who is a practical man, gave up. He had always been the kind who felt that nobody got anything without working for it. Besides, he was a prosperous rancher and loved ranching. The lure of $31,000 in buried gold couldn't keep him from his cattle. He has never looked for the gold again.

However, I have been a more adventurous soul. For the past twenty years I have spent many rugged weeks in the Wichitas, looking for Cousin Bob's gold. My father thinks I am a crackpot, but I know Cousin Bob was neither dreaming nor lying about his treasure.

I still remember the expression on his face as he told of that treasure. It was the expression of a dying man, but a man with all his wits. He may have forgotten many things while he was in prison, but he hadn't forgotten where he had hidden that gold. One doesn't forget an incident that he thinks about every day for thirty years.

While I was attending the University of Oklahoma, I spent most of my summer vacations digging in the Wichitas. I knew every peak and every trail in that whole range better than any white man in the state. Nobody got wise to what I was looking for until 1941. Someone who had been in prison with Cousin Bob had probably heard him raving before he died. Anyway, in the summer of 1941, two characters followed me when I went treasure hunting.

I led them to the wrong mountain and dug a day and went home. For two weeks those two characters dug frantically on a peak ten miles from the peak where the treasure was buried while I sat back and laughed.

Shortly after that, I went on another hunt and two college students followed me. I pretended I hadn't seen them and led them into the wildest part of the Wichitas and lost them. They found their way out a week later, half-starved and petered out.

WORLD War II interrupted my treasure hunting for four years. I spent most of that time as an infantry officer in the South Pacific. My years of roughing it in the Wichitas proved to be an asset when I was leading combat patrols in the mountains of Luzon.

While leading my platoon against some Jap tanks, I was hit by a shell that blew off my left hand. After several months in army hospitals, I retired from the army and returned home. Somehow during the war word had gotten around that I knew approximately where Bob Herring had buried his gold. Several local characters started watching me like hawks.

After lying around my father's ranch for a few days, I took a pack and tools and disappeared in the mountains. I hadn't been hiking an hour before I discovered I was being followed.

I set up camp several miles from the treasure and dug around for two days. To my surprise, I could handle a pick and shovel fairly well with my artificial hand. After I pulled out, a dozen chumps dug in that vicinity for almost a month.

Since I came back from the war, I have spent more time leading snoopers on wild goose chases than I have looking for Cousin Bob's gold. Hundreds of people know that gold is somewhere in the Wichitas. I am the only one who knows which mountain it is buried on but so far, I haven't located the exact spot. It stands to reason it could be several inches deeper than it was when Cousin Bob buried it or nature could have moved the rock it was buried under. However, I have been bracketing in on the spot and I should find the gold within the next year or two.

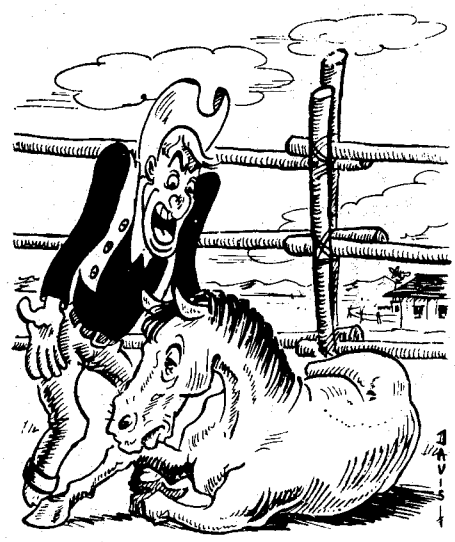
I will be almost sorry when I find it, because I enjoy roughing it every few weeks. I have had several thousand dollars worth of fun leading chumps on long hikes and causing them to put callouses on their hands digging for gold miles away from where it is hidden. Certainly, none of them have found anything, but the exercise has been good for them.

MOST of the local boys have given up trying to follow me when I go into those hills. Occasionally, some greenhorns from out of the state try following me, but few of them make the chase interesting.

Some people may think I am a chump for writing this, for some adventurous outdoorsman or sportsman will try to locate that gold before I do. I don't fear competition. In fact, I challenge anyone to try to follow me.

My search has been slow because I must fill every hole I dig and sprinkle small rocks and leaves over it. It seems that everyone who finds a man-made hole in the Wichitas digs for days around the spot looking for Jesse James or Bob Herring's loot. To puzzle my competitors even further, I dig holes all over the Wichitas and carefully cover them up.

I have a feeling that my 20-year treasure hunt will soon come to an end. However, my father says that Cousin Bob was loco and if I don't stop digging around in those hills, I will soon be loco, too. I will never give up because I know it is there. But if I never find it, I won't have any regrets, for I have had one hell of a lot of fun looking for it.



"Get wise to yourself. One mare's just like another. You can't trust any of 'em."

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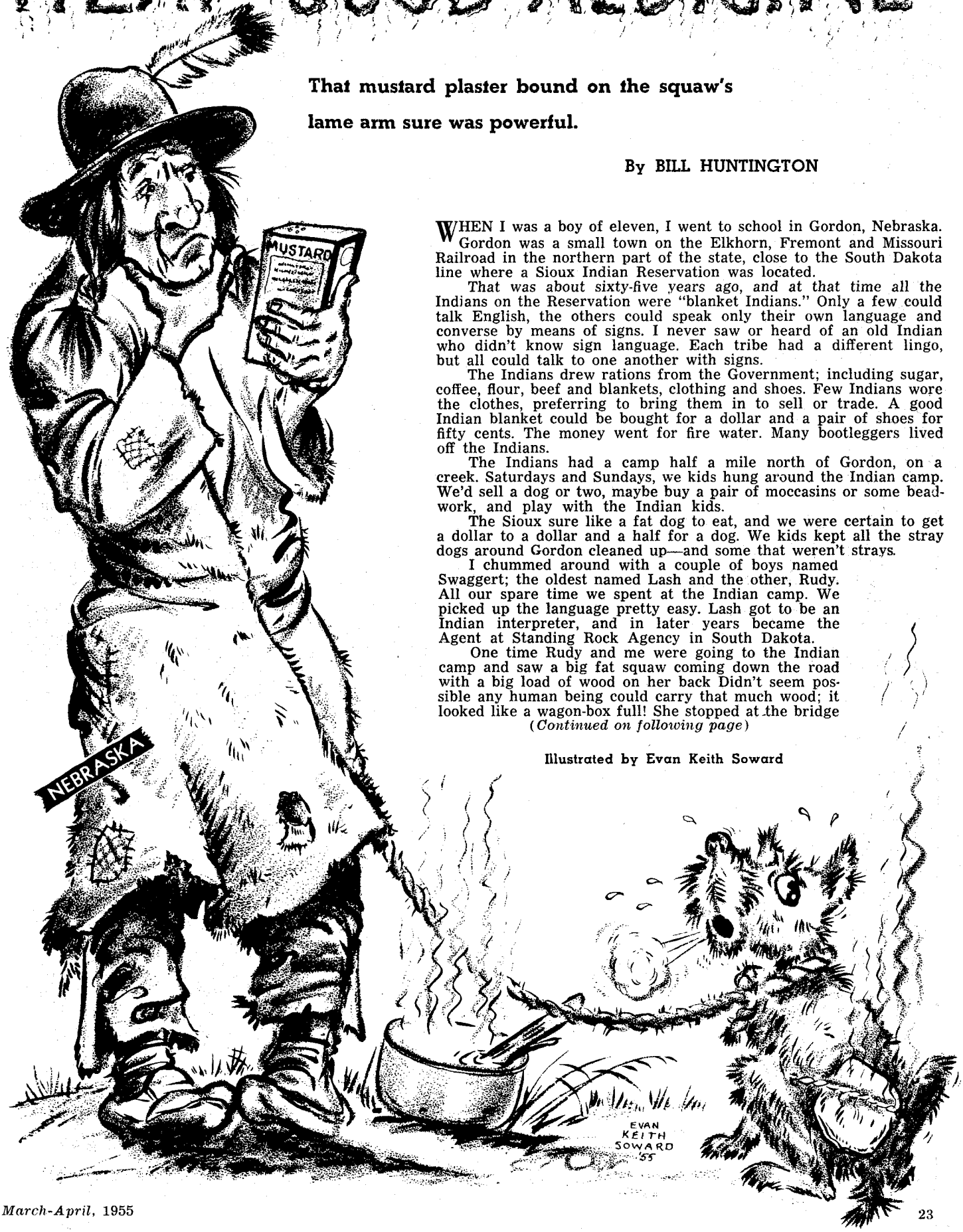
HEAP GOOD MEDICINE

That mustard plaster bound on the squaw's lame arm sure was powerful.

By BILL HUNTINGTON



WHEN I was a boy of eleven, I went to school in Gordon, Nebraska. Gordon was a small town on the Elkhorn, Fremont and Missouri Railroad in the northern part of the state, close to the South Dakota line where a Sioux Indian Reservation was located.

That was about sixty-five years ago, and at that time all the Indians on the Reservation were "blanket Indians." Only a few could talk English, the others could speak only their own language and converse by means of signs. I never saw or heard of an old Indian who didn't know sign language. Each tribe had a different lingo, but all could talk to one another with signs.

The Indians drew rations from the Government; including sugar, coffee, flour, beef and blankets, clothing and shoes. Few Indians wore the clothes, preferring to bring them in to sell or trade. A good Indian blanket could be bought for a dollar and a pair of shoes for fifty cents. The money went for fire water. Many bootleggers lived off the Indians.

The Indians had a camp half a mile north of Gordon, on a creek. Saturdays and Sundays, we kids hung around the Indian camp. We'd sell a dog or two, maybe buy a pair of moccasins or some beadwork, and play with the Indian kids.

The Sioux sure like a fat dog to eat, and we were certain to get a dollar to a dollar and a half for a dog. We kids kept all the stray dogs around Gordon cleaned up—and some that weren't strays.

I chummed around with a couple of boys named Swaggert; the oldest named Lash and the other, Rudy. All our spare time we spent at the Indian camp. We picked up the language pretty easy. Lash got to be an Indian interpreter, and in later years became the Agent at Standing Rock Agency in South Dakota.

One time Rudy and me were going to the Indian camp and saw a big fat squaw coming down the road with a big load of wood on her back Didn't seem possible any human being could carry that much wood; it looked like a wagon-box full! She stopped at the bridge

(*Continued on following page*)

Illustrated by Evan Keith Soward

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"Heap Good Medicine"

(*Continued from preceding page*)

that crossed the creek, put her load of der the bridge. We stayed at the camp perhaps half an hour. As we came back to the bridge, the squaw was just coming out from under it. She had a brand new baby in her arms. She went on to camp carrying the baby, but she left the wood.

I have attended sun dances and war dances by the Crows, and similar dances by the Flatheads, Shoshones, Arapahoes and Utes. I have never, however, seen anything to beat the dancing of the Sioux. Their regalia and war bonnets are outstanding. Buffalo heads, adorned with eagle plumes, are used as head-pieces by many of the dancers. Their bodies, naked except for G-strings, are painted in various colors.

While I was attending school at Gordon, the Sioux put on some kind of special war dance. Nearly five hundred braves camped at the camp grounds. They had just drawn their rations and had lots of blankets, clothing and other stuff to trade for whiskey.

The Indians formed a large circle and clasped hands. There was a large tom-tom in the center with six singers grouped around it. To me, the Indian songs seemed like a lot of hollering, but they kept time to the drum and sounded nice from about half a mile away. There were special dancers in the middle of the ring, and they went through a lot of fancy stepping. Some danced bent over, nearly touching their foreheads on the ground; then they would rise slowly until they were dancing on their toes. All this time, the outside ring would be dancing around in a circle. The warriors inside would dance until they fell exhausted. Others took their places at once. The dance went on all night, to the flaring light of two big fires.

About twelve o'clock it *really* got wild. All the Indians seemed to be screeching at once. I saw them open the circle up and turn in a wild white horse all dabbled with blood, or anyhow it looked like blood. Then they closed the gap so the horse couldn't get out. The horse was crazy scared, running around trying to get out, and the whooping Indians trying to keep him in. It sure was a spooky sight.

There were about a hundred and fifty white people from town and the surrounding country watching the Indian dance. Finally, an old half-breed came up and told us we had better leave, as the Sioux were all getting drunk and were talking bad about the white people.

Of course, we all got going. The last I saw of the dance was the white horse running round and round, scared crazy. As I remember, the white horse represented the white people and the Indians had them corraled. If they could hold the horse in, that was good; if he got out, that was bad.

THE oldtime Indians were a peculiar people. If they took a liking to you, they would do a lot of nice things for you. They never forgot a favor or forgave an enemy. They had sun worshipers, rain makers and medicine men. The medicine men doctored the people and the horses. I don't know what cures they used on people, but they would tie feathers and bright colored rags in the horses' manes and tails for medicine.

Indians like dogs but have no use for cats. They also like to prophecy the weather. I remember one time I was at Pryor Agency in the fall. An old Indian there spoke English pretty well, so I asked him what kind of winter we were going to have. He replied: "Heap cold, heap snow, lots of ponies freeze. Prairie dog got lots of dirt built up around holes."

He was right, too. We sure had one hell of a winter that year!

When I lived on Blue Creek, around 1900, the road from Pryor Agency went right by my ranch. I got acquainted with a lot of the Indians.

An Indian named Joe-Child-in-Mouth came to the ranch one day. It was in the fall, on a cold, rainy day. The roads were bad and his team played out, so I let him stay all night in the bunk-house. He could talk some English, but his squaw couldn't—or wouldn't. She had something the matter with her arm and it was paining her real bad. Joe came over to the house, said his wife's arm was sick and wanted to know if we had any medicine.

My wife and I went to the bunk-house to look at the squaw's arm. There was no sore or anything, so my wife figured it must be rheumatism. She thought a mustard plaster might ease the pain a little. I said it might help some, so she made one up and bound it on the squaw's arm.

We were just going to bed when Joe came over and said the medicine was making the arm sicker. We went and took the mustard plaster off. It was sure smoking. My wife had thought the squaw would take it off when it got too hot, but she hadn't touched it. Before the Indians left for Pryor the next morning, Joe told us the pain was gone but the arm was blistered.

IN about three weeks, Joe and his wife came again. They gave my wife a very nice pony, broken to ride nice and gentle. Joe said, "Heap good medicine; squaw's arm all right."

We kept the pony staked out around the house to use in getting in the cows.

(*Continued on page* 37)

"Later! Mama's busy now!!"

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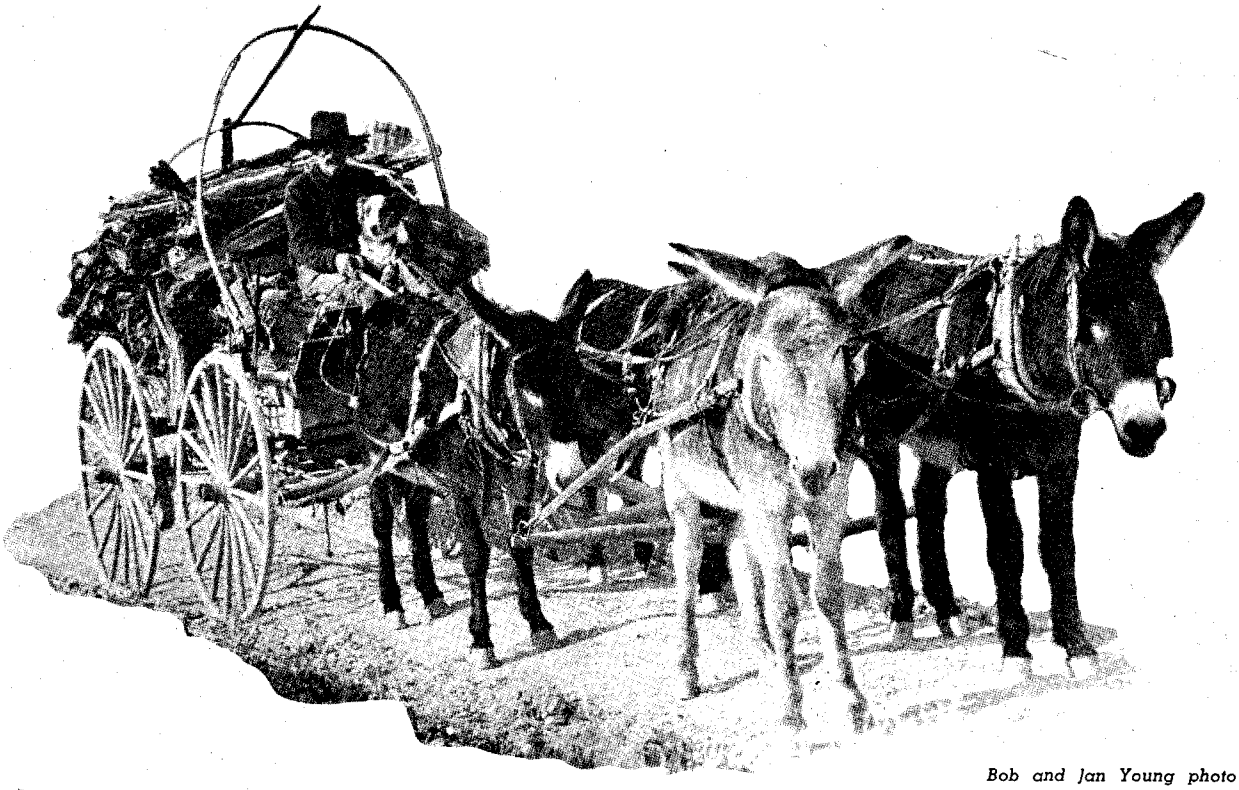

Bob and Jan Young photo

Is a burro an ornery, stubborn critter or just plain smart? Opinion is divided—but in Fairplay, Colorado, folks have erected a monument to a

GENTLEMAN JACKASS

By A. M. HARTUNG

BILL, an old-time prospector sort of worn thin at the edges, sat in his little mining shanty one day talking to Joe, a drifting prospector he had known years before.

Joe was down on his luck. Bill was working a claim that was bringing grub money and a little extra.

"Yes sir," Bill said, "them burros done it for me—found the gold. You take that Jack, best damn gold-finding burro in Arizona. And that Jenny, they don't come no better."

"Let me borrow 'em for a spell," Joe begged. "For about two weeks, say. With them burros I could get around these mountains and mebbe find something. Then we'd split . . ."

"Hell no!" Bill shouted. "I ain't lending Jack and Jenny to nobody."

Joe was hurt. That was rough talk, entirely too rough, from an old-time prospecting friend. Bill didn't need the burros right then.

"I guess I'll be moseying along," muttered Joe, getting up.

"All right, if that's the way you feel," Bill replied.

"I don't want to stay around an old friend who won't even lend me his burros," Joe said, walking out the door and heading down the hill.

Bill followed him. "What's your rush?" he called.

"I know when I'm not wanted," growled Joe, and kept on walking down the hill.

"Hey, wait a minute," Bill called, walking faster. Soon he caught up with Joe, who had stopped.

"Hell's fire, man, I'll lend you them burros," Bill said, talking low. "But they was listening back there—they was right outside the cabin. If I'd said I was goin' to lend them to you, why they'd a lit out and I wouldn't a had no burros and you wouldn't either."

That is part of the legend of the burro—or the jackass, or the Arizona nightingale, or the California canary, or whatever you choose to call him. The legend built by the oldtime prospectors for gold and silver had it that if a man owned and worked one burro for as long as six months, why the burro not only understood everything the man said, but could read his mind. But no man, the old-timers said, could ever read the mind of a burro.

THE burro is passing from the scene in this nation. He is part of a past that he helped make glorious—he figures so prominently in the story of gold prospecting in the West that the story would be entirely different without him.

Of course, there are still burros in this country. In fact, thousands of the tough-skinned, long-eared little animals live in the wild throughout Arizona, and in some parts of Mexico.

But the burro has passed from the scene as a work animal except in a few remote mountain areas where prospectors still prefer them to any other animal, and in some of the towns along the Mexican border.

But the burro will never pass from memory—and, oddly, that memory is a mixture of humor, high adventure, faithful labor, and incredible hardship, with the burro figuring in every part of it.

This odd-looking, odd-acting little animal came originally from Asia, was domesticated in Spain, and was brought from Spain to the New World by the early Spanish missionaries and the Conquistadores. Oddly enough, few historians ever mention him—they concentrate on the romantic horse, the animal that frightened the Indians so much.

Yet the faithful, uncomplaining burro accompained Cortez to the capital of Montezuma, he was close behind when Balboa first viewed the Pacific Ocean, he was with De Soto at the discovery of the Mississippi River, and he accompanied Ponce de Leon on his search for the fountain of youth.

He's been on hand ever since, and in Mexico and much of the rest of Latin America except Argentina he still is the main beast of burden.

He is literally that—he seldom pulls loads, he carries them. He can carry an incredible load. A burro so small that his owner must sit way back, on the animal's rump, to keep from bending its spine out of shape, still can be loaded between rump and shoulders with all manner of stuff, and he will plod slowly along.

But if he is over-loaded, the burro simply lies down. He knows his capacity.

(*Continued on page* 38)

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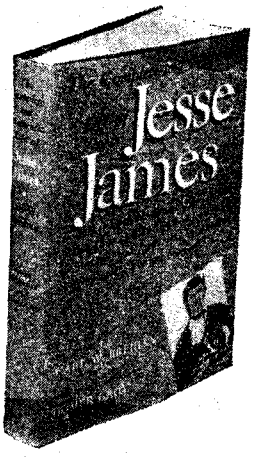
JESSE JAMES

WINS WIDE ACCLAIM



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Tombstone, Arizona

(*Continued from page* 19)

of one hundred. Lots on Allen Street, one of the principal streets in town, sold for five dollars. In one year the population increased ten-fold, and soon after rose to 14,000!

Tombstone had been part of Pima County with Tucson as county seat, but in 1881 the Territorial Legislature created Cochise County (a misspelling of the Indian word Cachise) with Tombstone as its own county seat. Politicians in Tucson made a lot of money from Tombstone and were not happy about the change.

In May of 1880, the Tombstone *Epitaph* was first published. The *Epitaph*, however, was not Tombstone's first newspaper, as a small sheet called *The Nugget* appeared before it.

In those days anything went, and Pat Hamilton, editor of the *Independent*, and Sam Purdy of the *Epitaph*, frequently tore into each other via the editorial page. Finally, things reached a point where honor was at stake and the boys challenged each other to a duel. The upcoming duel quickly became the talk of the whole town and bets were made freely in the saloons as to which contestant would wind up in Boot Hill.

The duel was scheduled to take place in the fall of 1882. The principals and their seconds went to an isolated spot outside of town and prepared to do battle. Naturally, neither party was keen over the possibility of getting shot, and a convenient dispute arose over the technicality of where the principals should stand before they started blasting away. The wrangle continued so long, the disgusted seconds called off the "duel." The suspicion grew around town that Editor Purdy and Editor Hamilton had staged the whole affair to increase circulation for their respective newspapers.

Tombstone, the "Town too Tough to Die!" was twice nearly wiped out by fire. In 1881 and 1882, disastrous fires swept through the wooden town. After two such terrible experiences, the townsfolk managed to pipe in an ample supply of water from the nearby Huachuca Mountains to guard against re-occurrence of such catastrophes.

Yet fire worked in other ways to cripple Tombstone. In 1886, the Grand Central and Contention hoists burned, allowing water to flood the lower workings of the mines. It was then that Tombstone began to die. Her population drifted off to other areas, and nine-tenths of the buildings in Tombstone were left deserted. Hundreds of frame houses were torn down to be sent to the nearby mining camp of Pearce, where the materials were used to build anew there.

TOMBSTONE languished between the living and the dead until 1901, when E. B. Gage took over the bonds of the various mines and set up the Tombstone Consolidated Mine Company. Gage and his associates believed that, with all the mines consolidated, enough money and power would be available to cope with the problem of water in the lower workings.

The Boom shaft was started not far from the old Contention and sunk to a depth of 1,080 feet. Good silver ore was found, and it was hoped that copper would be found a little deeper.

But the old bugbear, water, re-asserted itself. A dozen boilers were required to provide the steam necessary to run the pumps that raised 8,000,000 gallons of water per day. The oil fuel alone cost $700 per day to keep the boilers fired. It was not long before the company was $5,000,000 in debt and still extracting little ore.

Then came the knockout blow. In June of 1909, through carelessness or possibly sabotage, water seeped into the fuel pipes under the boilers, causing the fires to go out. The pumps stopped and the water quickly rose in the shaft. The pumps were drowned inside of an hour. New pumps were brought in, but it required fifteen months before the pumping station on the 1000 foot level was again drained. The tremendous expense involved forced the company to quit and declare bankruptcy. In 1914, at receivers' sale, the Phelps-Dodge Company bought out the defunct Tombstone Consolidated Mines for $500,000. The Tombstone of the old free-wheeling days was finished.

What happened to Ed Schieffelin, the man who had started all these great and varied events? Well, Ed spent money lavishly and handed out large sums to his family and friends. Like many prospectors he was a poor businessman and lost much of his fortune in speculation.

Ed built a fine home in New Jersey, but he soon grew tired of civilization. Leaving his wife in California, Ed bought himself a stern-wheeler steamer and prospected the bars of the Yukon River in Alaska.

Ed died of heart disease in Oregon in 1897 at the age of forty-nine. In his will he stated a desire to be buried in the clothing of a prospector, with his canteen and shovel, in southern Arizona near the mines he discovered.

His wish was carried out. A monument of cement and rock, sixteen feet high and with a foundation twenty feet square was erected in the southwestern wilderness. On it is this inscription: "Ed Schieffelin, Died May 12, 1897, aged 49 years, 8 months; a dutiful son, a faithful husband, a kind brother, a true friend."

(*Continued on page* 28)

"Sorry, but we close at noon Monday!"

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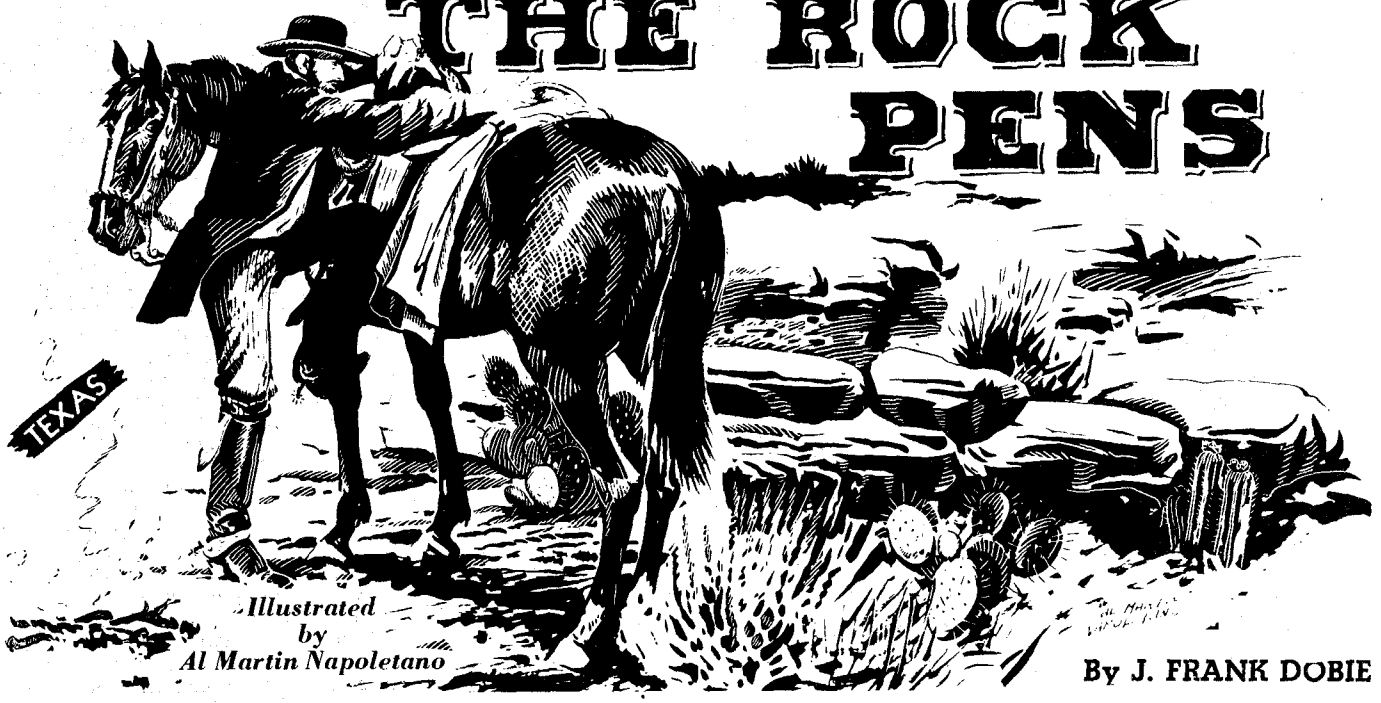
WASH BARKER AND THE ROCK PENS



Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

By J. FRANK DOBIE

Several people knew about the Rock Pens, and a few knew about the thirty-one mule loads of Spanish silver buried there. (Or was it only seven?) But now where in all that vast tangle of prickly-pear and chaparral along the Nueces River are the Rock Pens to be found?

THE vast brush country through which the Nueces River winds has hidden many men who wanted to remain unfound. It has never hidden a man as noted or as long sought for as a certain, but very uncertain, man-made structure called the Rock Pens. Several people have seen the pens by accident, but nobody looking for them has ever sighted them. Chaparral and prickly-pear are wonderful concealers.

I grew up understanding that the Rock Pens hold "the spoils of thirty-one mule loads of Spanish silver," and my understanding was all but first hand. Pay attention to that "all but." My mother's half-brother Ed Dubose was one of the most energetic and sanguine treasure-hunters who ever acquired a "way-bill" or dug a hole. He accumulated a store of testimony on the Rock Pens and made various expeditions into the big brushy pastures of the region where they are supposed to lie—lie mighty low.

A prime item in Uncle Ed's evidence was the eye witness account by Mr. Pate McNeil. Pate McNeil's ranch in Live Oak County joined the east side of our ranch. Pate died while I was a child, but I knew all his ten sons. The silver has never interested me; I have no faith in it; but the rock fascinates me; I'll believe in it as long as the brush grows.

As Pate McNeil's story went, the year after the Civil War ended, he was driving with his young wife in a buggy from Dog Town (now called Tilden) in McMullen County to Lagarto, in Live Oak County. He was driving two horses and leading a saddled horse. This was, of course, before there were any fences. On the south side of the Nueces River, "somewhere in the Shiner ranch country," Mr. Pate saw a fine red maverick heifer running across an opening. He halted the buggy, gave the lines to his wife, untied his saddle horse, jumped into the saddle, and playing out a loop in his reata, started on a dead run after the heifer. She went into the brush, but he roped her, tied her down, made a fire, took the running iron tied to his saddle, and branded her with his well known brand, in box car letters, P A T E.

After the branded heifer was released, he noticed as he started to mount his horse, that he was right at some low rock pens. He supposed that early-day Mexicans had a ranch at the site and thought no more of the matter until years later when an old settler told him that Spaniards had got into a fight with Indians and buried thirty-one jack loads of silver bar in the pens. He went with the old settler to locate the pens, but the country had been fenced, grown up in brush and changed so much that he could not find them.

I told this and a good deal more in *Coronado's Children*. Twenty years after the book was published I met Jim Nichols in Beeville, Texas. He belongs to an old-time family of the brush country.

He said, "I want to tell you something else about the Rock Pens with those seven loads of Spanish silver." He said *seven* —not *thirty-one*.

ONE day many years ago, he told, he and two other men were talking on the street in Beeville when the subject of the Rock Pens came up. Near them, but not taking part in the conversation, was Wash Barker, a noted character. After the other men left, Wash Barker stepped over to Jim Nichols and said, "I know where those pens are. I was helping drive a bunch of horses in McMullen County. A filly ran out of the bunch and while I was rounding her in, I saw the pens. This was on the north side of the Nueces, not far from the old Mud Crossing."

Now Wash Barker had an eagle's eye for seeing things, but the things he saw were generally mighty real. He left Bee County in the night and stayed gone for maybe thirty-five years before returning to get a man and to die in peace. He had been gone so long that he was supposed to be dead, and all indictments against him had been quashed.

One time while he was on the dodge, he rode up to a saloon in a town in west Texas four hundred miles away and was about to get down when he saw Dave Walton's saddle on a horse tied to the hitching rail. He rode on. Dave Walton was from Bee County.

"You mean you recognized Dave Walton's saddle?" Jim Ballard asked Wash Barker when he told of this incident.

"Certainly I recognized it. I'd seen him riding it while we were running cattle. As far as identification goes, it was as much a part of him as his eyes."

Another time while he was on the dodge, Wash Barker was down in Mexico wearing a money belt well lined with gold. One evening his horse was nearly played out when he rode up to a ranch. He was acquainted with two men who lived there. He unsaddled this horse and tied him in a motte of trees. In

(*Continued on page* 39)

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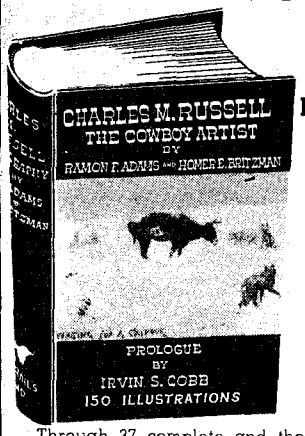
CHARLES M. RUSSELL



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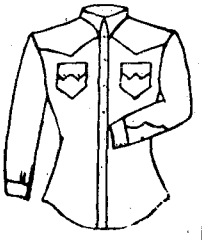

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Tombstone, Arizona

(*Continued from page* 26)

THE CLANTON—EARP FEUD

AMONG the shocking events that made Tombstone worthy of her lurid reputation, none is more violent than the famous Clanton-Earp feud of 1881. The Earp brothers—Wyatt, Virgil and Morgan—together with Doc Holliday, literally massacred the Clantons—Ike and Billy, and the McLowery brothers, Frank and Tom.

The Earps were a motley crew. They were professional gamblers, lawmen and—paradoxically—there is strong evidence that they were also outlaws. Wyatt Earp was a Deputy U.S. Marshal in 1881, and Virgil was a City Marshal. These offices were of inestimable value in covering up their less savory activities. Many of the robberies that took place in the vicinity of Tombstone were attributed to the Earps and Doc Holliday.

Doc Holliday was a dentist. Originally from Georgia, he left there in a hurry after killing a soldier who pursued him for the cold-blooded murder of some Negroes. Later he turned up in Denver, where he was literally run out of town. He finally met a worthy end in Las Vegas, New Mexico, where he was shot by Mike Gordon. Doc, reputedly a sufferer from tuberculosis, always had a deceptively frail and dissipated look about him that led others to underestimate his proficiency with a gun.

Though the Earps were suspected of crimes, they had many followers who believed them to be fine, upstanding lawmen. It was said by some citizens that the Earps never shot a man that the community wasn't better off without. They were especially commended for their cleaning up of Dodge City and also for shooting "Curly Bill," a gentleman who considered himself above the law and who had gone unapprehended after murdering the first City Marshal of Tombstone.

There is a story told about Wyatt Earp that adds weight to the contention that he was a fearless lawman in spite of his cowardly attack upon the Clantons.

A fellow in Tombstone, known only by the appelation of Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce, got into an argument with the chief engineer of the Tombstone Milling and Mining Company and killed him. The engineer was well liked by the miners, so consequently, five hundred of them set out in pursuit of Johnny. The killing occurred several miles from Tombstone, and Johnny managed to get aboard a fast horse and beat the angry mob into town by minutes. The frantic fugitive found Marshal Earp dealing in a faro game and told him that a mob of miners was coming to lynch him if Earp couldn't save his life. Wyatt hid him in a bowling alley.

When the maddened mob reached town they found Earp on guard alone in front of the bowling alley. Coolly, Wyatt cocked both hammers of his double-barreled shotgun and defied the miners to try to take Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce.

The mob knew they could overwhelm Earp if they all charged at once. They also knew that some of them would be killed by the twin loads of buckshot in the Marshal's shotgun. Finally, after milling about uncertainly for a few minutes, they meekly dispersed and went home. Johnny lived to stand trial and was convicted and hung.

ONE of the Earp's questionable acts occurred in October of 1881. The Benson stage was held up and Bud Philpot, the driver, killed on the box. Bob Paul, the messenger riding with Philpot, was unable to identify the murderers. At that moment the Earps and Doc Holliday were conspicuously absent from Tombstone, returning later from a "jaunt into the country." Though suspected by some people of having engineered the stage holdup, the Earps—who represented most of the law in Tombstone—were not arrested. This incident later had a prominent bearing on the Clanton-Earp feud.

On October 25, Ike Clanton was arrested by City Marshal Virgil Earp and fined fifty dollars for disorderly conduct. It is my personal theory, based on stories told by oldtimers, that the Clantons saw the Earps and Doc Holliday hold up the stage and kill Philpot, and that Ike got just a little too talkative over a few beers.

The next morning Ike was released, and together with his brother Billy, and the McLowerys, Frank and Tom, were preparing to leave town for their home in the Babacomari Mountains. They had received warnings that their health was in jeopardy as long as they remained in Tombstone.

Of the four men, Ike Clanton and Tom McLowery were unarmed for they had had their guns taken from them the night before by the Earps. Frank and Billy packed six-guns.

As soon as Ike was released from jail, the four men headed for the O.K. Corral where they had left their horses. Just as they were leading their mounts out of the corral, four of the Earps—Virgil, Wyatt, Morgan and Jim—and Doc Holliday advanced upon them. Virgil, leveling a sawed-off shotgun, ordered the McLowery-Clanton group to throw up their hands. However, he didn't give

(*Continued on page* 30)

"Lost again today, eh Fred?"

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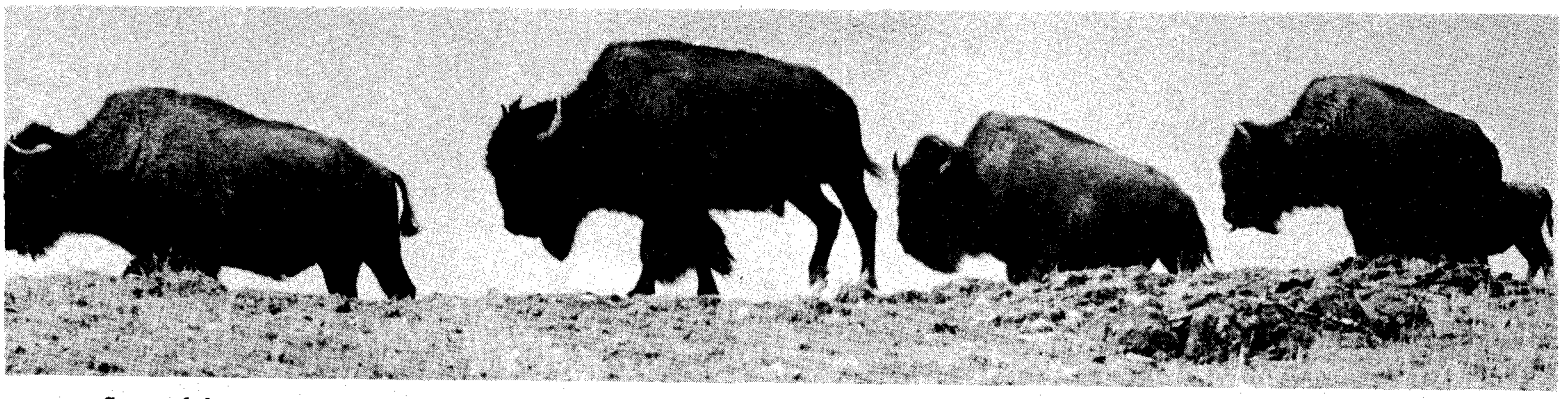


Some of the original members of Catalina Island's original movie buffalo herd are still alive on the Island. The old bulls live a rough life as outcasts from the present herd of younger animals.

After a recent roundup of the critters, the only buffalo Jack White of Catalina Island wants to see are those on nickels!

CALIFORNIA

BUFFALO ROUNDUP at SEA

By DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES, with photos by the Author

A favored few vacationers on California's famed Catalina Island recently witnessed an event that matched in thrills and incredibility some of the tallest tales of the old west. They saw hard-riding veteran cowboys round up a herd of wild buffalo whose home is 25 miles at sea!

The great shaggy bison have roamed the island's lonely mountain fastness for three decades. No publicity stunt, the roundup was necessitated by the herd's growing size, the aggressiveness of the animals and their recurrent threat to the human population's safety.

In recent years the bison have become the popular resort's biggest headache. They've stampeded cattle being fattened for market on Catalina's hillsides, chased cowboys, frightened tourists who ventured into remote canyons and generally made themselves obnoxious. One nosey bull, more sociable than the rest, strolled into the town of Avalon last year and routed patrons of a bistro when he poked his massive head in the front door and bawled loudly for a drink.

The herd had its beginnings in 1924 when 13 bison—all bulls and stags—were left behind in the canyon wilderness by one of the many motion picture companies that have long used Catalina's rugged mountain scenery as a background for western movies. Film cowboys ferried the beasts to the island on a boat but spent a futile week trying to round them up for shipment back to the mainland when the picture was completed. Finally, in despair, the buffalo hunters from Hollywood went home, leaving the animals to shift for themselves.

"At the time, we laughed at the movie company's exasperated efforts to capture the critters," recalls grizzled Jack White, Catalina's ranch boss for a generation, who was in charge of the more recent roundup. "But when we tried to shoo the herd into corrals last summer we became more understanding of the film folks' problems in herding bison. I've handled 'most every kind of cattle there is, in my time, but I want to tell you that the American buffalo is the most stubborn, cussed, frustratin' animal alive!"

WILLIAM WRIGLEY, JR., the late chewing gum magnate who owned Catalina Island, decided in 1934 that it might be a good idea to import some buffalo cows, turn them loose with the bachelor bison already there, and let nature take its course to build up the herd as a tourist attraction. Accordingly, he dispatched Jack White to Colorado where a deal was made to buy another 17 head—mostly young cows.

"We dropped off five head at a resort hotel that Mr. Wrigley owned in Arizona," White explained, "then shipped the other twelve on to the Los Angeles stockyards. There we packed 'em into big wooden crates and took 'em across the channel on the Catalina steamer."

The newly-arrived buffalo became oriented to their sea-island home very readily, White said, and until the recent roundup, were allowed to wander at will about the 48,000 acres which comprise the coastal island's rangeland. In the intervening years the herd increased to a total of 65 animals, and included some of the original movie bison still living.

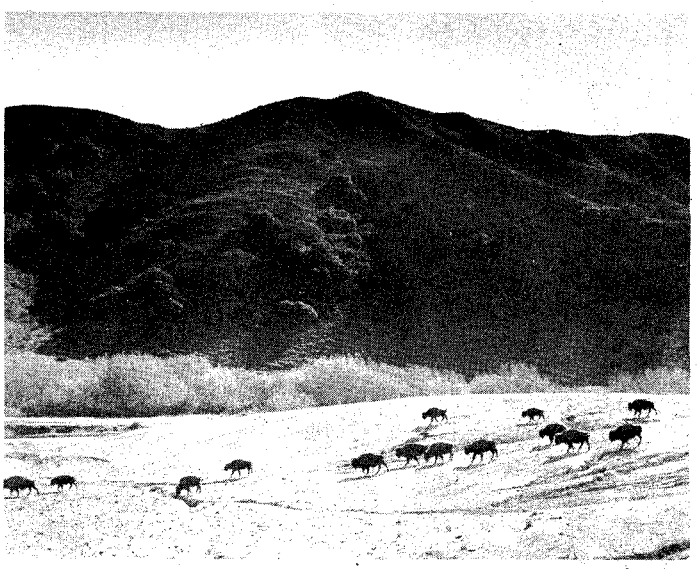
"Bison are hardy and there have been about a half dozen new calves born each year," White stated. "Old ones die off only at the rate of one or two a year." One reason for the older bulls' demise, according to Jack White, is that they are chased away by the herd when they get on in years and are forced to spend the rest of their days alone in the bushland. He thinks that loneliness—rather than the infirmities of age—cause them to just lose interest in living.

About three years ago the buffalo began giving island residents a bad time. First, golfers on Catalina's nine hole course complained that the buffalo were interfering with their game. One frisky young bull appeared on the course one day and playfully chased a foursome up a tree. Another went to sleep on a green and refused to be evicted.

A Catalina resident, preparing food for a garden party, placed a large bowl of freshly made mixed salad on a patio table while he went to greet some arriving guests. He returned a few minutes later in time to see the last of his salad disappearing down the cavernous gullet of an uninvited buffalo who'd dropped in for a snack.

Bus operators reported that bison frequently blocked roads by lying down on the pavement and thus made it difficult for the drivers to maintain schedules. And one island visitor was frightened into a heart attack when a pair of bison appeared suddenly on a path where she was strolling and showed a hungry interest in a bouquet of flowers she'd gathered.

(*Continued on page* 40)



Wild buffalo being rounded up on the slopes of Mount Orizaba, Catalina's highest mountain.

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Tombstone, Arizona

(*Continued from page* 28)

them a chance to comply and fired almost simultaneously with the command. Tom McLowery yelled:

"Don't shoot, boys! I'm unarmed."

Billy Clanton fell before Virgil's blast and lay on the ground mortally wounded. A game one, young Clanton managed to roll over and get off two shots before cashing his checks. One of the slugs creased Morgan Earp across the shoulder and Morgan fell to the ground.

Ike Clanton, defenseless without a gun, tried to escape. Frank McLowery stood his ground and fired four shots at the three Earps in front of him. He hit Virgil Earp in the leg, spotted Doc Holliday sneaking up behind him and whirled to fire at Doc. A slug hit Frank's gun hand before he could pull trigger. Grimly, he lifted the Colt with both hands and fired a bullet that grazed Holliday's pistol holster. Morgan Earp, wounded in the shoulder seconds before, now fired from the ground at McLowery, hitting him in the temple and killing him instantly. The fight was over.

Confidently the Earps and Doc Holliday marched back to town and surrendered themselves to Justice of the Peace Spicer, who examined and then discharged them as having acted as peace officers in performance of their duty.

THE Earps were good at collecting enemies. On an earlier occasion, operating with one Frank Stilwell, they robbed the Bisbee stage and then promptly got into a dispute with Stillwell over division of the loot. Not too long after the Clanton massacre, Virgil Earp was shot in the arm by an unknown assailant. Then Morgan Earp was murdered in a saloon, his assailant shooting at him through a rear glass door and disappearing under cover of darkness.

Either Stillwell or Ike Clanton could have been responsible for these assaults. But Stillwell established a reasonable alibi for the murder of Morgan by being in Tucson early the next morning. If Ike was responsible for shooting Virgil, he couldn't have been guilty of shooting Morgan because at that time Ike was in jail in Tucson on charges of robbing a stage.

Shortly after Morgan's murder, the Earps and Doc Holliday set out on the train with his body to bury him in California. The train had to pass through Tucson on the way to California. Ike Clanton, out on bail, hid himself while the Earps were in town. Stillwell, however, for some mysterious reason known only to himself, strolled nonchalantly alongside the slow moving train as it pulled out. Some people thought that Stillwell pulled this fool stunt to prove to the Earps that he was innocent of murdering Morgan.

If that was his purpose, the trick didn't work. Early the next morning, Frank's bullet riddled body was found a hundred yards from the tracks. Presumably the vengeful Earps saw him, jumped off the train and shot him and then hopped back on board.

They didn't remain on the train long. At Rillito station, a few miles west of Tucson, they all left the train but Virgil and walked back toward town. On the other side of Tucson they flagged a freight train and rode to Benson, where they got their horses and returned to Tombstone.

At the same time, Sheriff Behan of Tombstone, who was at odds with the Earps, received orders to arrest them. They eluded the Sheriff and left Tombstone on the gallop after securing fresh horses from friends. From Tombstone they headed for the Dragoon Mountains where one of their mortal enemies, one Pete Spence, lived. Not finding Spence at home, they shot his Mexican hired man in anger at being cheated of their prey and rode off. After this, they headed for Silver City, New Mexico, disposed of their horses and took a train to Colorado.

As soon as he heard that the Earps and Holliday were in Colorado, Governor Tritle of Arizona issued a requisition on Governor Pitkin of Colorado on May 16, 1882, asking for the return of the fugitives. Governor Pitkin refused on the ground that the requisition papers were faulty, and because Doc Holliday was already under indictment for a crime committed in Colorado.

On June 2, Governor Tritle sent corrected papers, but to no avail. Pitkin again refused to surrender the fugitives, this time on the ground that he "did not consider it possible for any agent to deliver the parties named in safety to Tucson."

Obviously, some kind of political coercion was brought to bear on Governor Pitkin to influence him to make such a decision. However, Tombstone did not regret the absence of the Earps and Doc Holliday. Peace could never come to any community as long as such men were among its citizens.

Tombstone never regained its large population after the mines burned, but today, although small, she is prospering again. Each year thousands of tourists invade the town to visit her Boot Hill and to examine the bullet holes that still are lodged in the walls of many of her buildings. Each year, Tombstone's Chamber of Commerce stages its "Helldorado!" in which for a few days her notorious past is reincarnated. The Clanton-Earp gun battle is acted out, and many other scenes of her thrilling past are reborn for a few fleeting hours.

"Never misses, they say."

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Bat Masterson's saloon and gambling hall was hardly the place for a preacher!

AMONG the clergy and the parishioners alike, it never has been considered good policy for a minister to go about without his pants. But there was a time when it proved a good policy, and that is why "Parson Tom" Uzzell is remembered in Creede, Colorado.

For more than a score of years, the gaunt preacher had traveled the Methodist trail through the isolated mining camps of Colorado. In the summer of 1890, he forged across the jagged Rockies astride a weary old mule to sinful, silver-booming Creede.

There being no hotel accommodations to house the great stampede of fortune hunters, Parson Tom rented a small tent. From the very beginning, he was convinced that this citadel of wickedness was desperately in need of his services. The town was not only crowded with gamblers, painted women, and reckless tin-horns, but was ruled by the notorious "Soapy" Smith. Its three most popular poker dealers were the cigar-smoking sisters—Poker Alice, Calamity Jane, and Killarney Kate.

The following day, Parson Tom went forthwith to the Denver Exchange, a notorious gambling saloon run by Bat Masterson. The parson had heard about the legendary gunman, peace officer, Indian fighter, and gambler. The place hummed like a bee-hive on a sunny day—the click of the chips, the rattle of dice, clinkling glasses, and the shouts of faro dealers. Everyone was too busy tempting the wheels of fortune to be bothered with the black book under his arm.

COLORADO

They listened to the sermon. Then--

They Stole the Parson's Pants

Illustrated by Evan Keith Soward

By STAN ZAMO

THROUGH the cigar smoke at one of the faro tables, the parson sighted Bob Ford, well out of range of any window. On top of the table, within easy reach, was the gun with which he had killed Jesse James. At another table was "Troublesome Tom" Cody and his deadly swordcane. Cody trimmed thousands of suckers in the slippery pea and walnut-shell game.

Parson Tom introduced himself immediately to the proprietor and said that he would like to go to work immediately on the business of saving souls. Masterson hesitated a second, eyeing the parson in his black, shabby suit. To close the gambling tables and the busy bar even for half an hour would cost him a small fortune.

"Right now?" he asked.

"Right now," answered the parson.

Masterson ambled to the bar, grabbed a whiskey bottle, and beat on the shiny mahogany.

"This here's a preacher," he said loudly, pointing at the frock-coated figure. "He'd like to make a sermon, so take off your hats."

The parson laid his derby on the bar and from the top of a pool table gave his sermon. It was about the Prodigal

(*Continued on page* 34)

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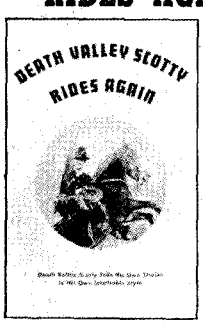

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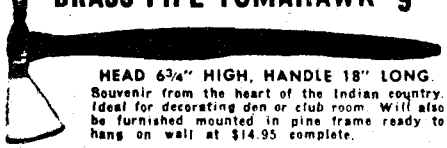

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Children of the Raven

(*Continued from page* 9)

for an exchange of opinions on the clouded future of the nation—to map out, if possible, a workable plan for continued tribal survival. All night the fires blazed among the pines, and the drums sounded as the Warrior Societies held meetings; the Big Dogs, the Crazy Dogs, the Foxes, the War-clubs, the Fighting Bulls, and many others. Criers rode through the village daily, exhorting the young braves to go up into the mountains and dream, reminding them that the nation was in great danger. Listening, Plenty Coups decided to go again into the mountains to seek Divine guidance.

Travelling with three companions he journeyed two days on foot into the Crazy Mountains. The four boys built a sweat-lodge and took their purifying sweat-baths before separating. Alone, Plenty Coups rubbed his body with herbs and started out to "walk himself weak."

Hours later the boy returned to his bed and slept the deep sleep of the exhausted until morning. Rising, he set forth again over the mountain-top in his earnest search for Helpers. All day, light-headed from nearly four days fasting, he kept walking and calling out. Near midday he cut off the end of his left index finger with his knife in the hope that some Person might smell the blood, realize his desperate need and come to aid him. Growing dizzy from loss of blood, Plenty Coups sat down on a rock to rest. He must have fainted, for the next he knew he was lying on his face and the sun was far down the sky. From the mountain-side he could hear his friends calling anxiously to him. They came to Plenty Coups and carried him back to his bed before returning to their own places. The boy slept as one dead.

That night Plenty Coups dreamed again—a harrowing dream in which he saw all the buffalo disappear from the Plains to be replaced by the white man's cattle. He saw a dark forest lashed by a terrible storm, battered fiercely by the Four Winds and the Thunders. One tree alone remained when the great storm had passed—and in that tree was the lodge of the Chickadee. "What does this mean?" Plenty Coups cried out in his dream—and the voice of an unseen Person answered:

" 'Listen, Plenty Coups,' said the voice. 'In that tree is the lodge of the Chickadee. He is least in strength but strongest of mind among his kind. He is willing to work for wisdom. The Chickadee-person is a good listener. Nothing escapes his ears, which he has sharpened by constant use. Whenever others are talking together of their successes or failures, there you will find the Chickadee-person listening to their words. But in all his listening he tends to his own business . . . He gains success and avoids failure by learning how others succeeded or failed, and without great trouble to himself. There is scarcely a lodge he does not visit, hardly a Person he does not know, and yet everybody likes him, because he minds his own business, or pretends to.

" 'The lodges of countless Bird People were in that forest when the Four Winds charged it. Only one is left unharmed, the lodge of the Chickadee-person. Develop your body, but do not neglect your mind, Plenty Coups. *It is the mind that leads a man to power, not strength of body*' ".

SO Plenty Coups discovered that his medicine was the Chickadee. He did not know what the rest of the dream portended; the Wise Ones (medicine men) would have to interpret that for him. The boy's father, Medicine Bird, had died; so his uncles, White Horse and Cuts-the-turnip, arranged for Plenty Coups to speak before the village council.

Yellow Bear, wisest of the Wise Ones, listened intently while the boy told his story. Then the old medicine man closed his eyes and sat deep in thought while the pipe went around the council lodge from East to West, as the sun goes. Four times the pipe came back to Yellow Bear; four times he puffed once upon it and sent it around the circle again. Plenty Coups, sweating nervously, had just about given up in despair when Yellow Bear turned to White Horse and said:

"Your nephew has dreamed a great dream. He has been told that in his lifetime the buffalo will go away forever, and in their places will come the bulls and cows and calves of the white man. I have myself seen these Spotted Buffalo drawing loads of the white man's goods . . . The dream of Plenty Coups means that the white men will take and hold this country and that their Spotted Buffalo will cover the Plains. He was told to think for himself, to listen, to learn to avoid disaster by the experiences of others. He was advised to develop his body but not to forget his mind. The meaning of his dream is plain to me. I see its warning. The tribes who have fought the white man have all been beaten, wiped out. By listening as the Chickadee listens we may escape this and keep our lands.

"The Four Winds represent the white man and those who will help him in his wars. The forest of trees are the tribes of these wide Plains. And the one tree that the Four Winds left standing after the fearful battle represents our own people, the Absarokees, the one tribe of the Plains that has never made war against the white man.

"The Chickadee's lodge in that standing tree is the lodges of this tribe pitched

"Livelist auction I ever handled!"

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in the safety of peaceful relations with white men, whom we could not stop even though we would. The Chickadee is small; so are we against our many enemies, white and red. But he was wise in his selection of a place to pitch his lodge. After the battle of the Four Winds he still held his home, his country, because he had gained wisdom by listening to the mistakes of others . . . The Chickadee is the medicine of Plenty Coups from this day . . . His medicine will be powerful both in peace time and in war.

"He will live to be old and he will be a Chief . . . and be known for his brave deeds, but I can see that he will have no children of his own blood . . . I have finished."

IMMEDIATELY the Crows began to conduct themselves in accordance with Plenty Coups' great dream, losing no chance to assist the white man at every opportunity. They supplied horses for the cavalry and served eagerly as scouts, along with the Shoshones under canny Chief Washakie. Yet for Plenty Coups himself the time for "pointing his gun" with the white man had not yet arrived. Flushed and proud in the surging strength of youth, he joined the secret Warrior Society of Foxes and joined his fellows in daring raids upon the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes. On the Musselshell River, accompanied by his friend Big Shoulders, Plenty Coups took his first Sioux scalp and thereby avenged his brother's death. Joyously, Plenty Coups rode back to his home village at the conclusion of this successful raid. Two fine horses, thonged together, trotted behind his paint pony; the enemy scalp fluttered at his belt. For the first time in his restless, ambitious young life, Plenty Coups felt that he was a warrior—a man to be reckoned with in his tribe.

Before sundown great fires were lighted in the open Council Place at the center of the village and a tall scalp-pole erected before them. Chattering squaws prepared a feast of fat buffalo meat in readiness for the guest of honor—the fifteen-year-old Plenty Coups who had scalped an enemy and taken two horses without harm to himself or his comrade.

Dusk had fallen when Plenty Coups joined the merry-makers around the fires. Meticulously dressed in quilled and fringed buckskins, chest-piece of polished bone, wristlets and anklets of elk-teeth, and a feathered headdress bearing one upright eagle plume denoting his first coup; Plenty Coups started the feast by accepting meat from a pretty girl. Dancing followed—dancing to the stirring music of flute and drum and rattle.

After the feasting and dancing, the warriors gathered for the ceremonial medicine smoke. Chief Pretty Eagle took the pipe from the presiding medicine man, puffed once upon it, touched it to the ground in reverence to the Earth Mother, pointed the stem to the East, West, North and South; the Four Great Directions. Then he passed it first to Plenty Coups, in recognition of this new warrior taking his honored place with the braves of the tribe. The boy smoked briefly and, with a fine show of nonchalance he did not feel, passed the pipe to the brave on his left. Around the solemn circle went the pipe, moving as the sun moved, from East to West until all present had smoked.

Next came a parade in Plenty Coups' honor; warriors, squaws and maidens mounted on their best horses and dressed in their finest clothes. Four times the colorful cavalcade rode around the leaping fires; the men giving the war whoop and—on the final circling—joining the women in singing the exultant Crow Victory Song.

Now Plenty Coups stepped forward to strike the scalp-pole with his tomahawk and chant the story of his first big adventure. At the finish of his tale, the assembled warriors roared forth the concerted *Hou-hou!* of approval. So the great day ended.

THE savage warfare of the 1860's marked the beginning of the end for the hostile Plains tribes, despite the temporary victory won by the Sioux and Cheyennes in the fighting on the Bozeman Trail—an astonishing victory that resulted in the burning of three Powder River forts by Government order and troop evacuation of the entire Powder River territory in 1868. But it was also in 1868 that the Cheyennes suffered a double tragedy when their great leader Roman Nose was killed at Beecher's Island, and Chief Black Kettle was killed by Custer's Seventh Cavalry in the so-called Battle of the Washita.

(*Continued on following page*)

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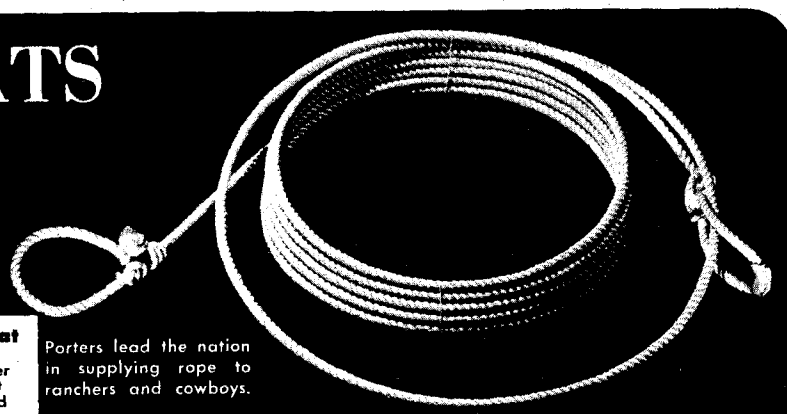

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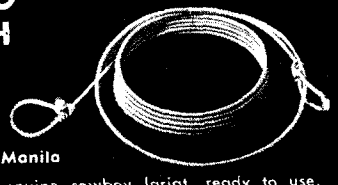

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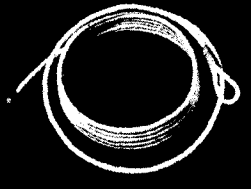

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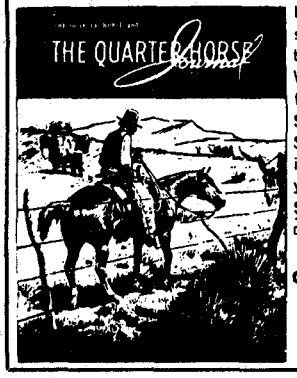

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Children of the Raven

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Plenty Coups was twenty-eight years old in 1875 when the white men discovered gold in the Black Hills—the sacred Paha Sapa of the Sioux. Already a Chief whose judgment was respected throughout the tribe, he promptly called a council of sub-chiefs and head men and informed them that the time had come for the Crows to throw in with the white men in a showdown fight against the Sioux and their allies. "The yellow metal drives white men mad," warned Plenty Coups. "They will swarm into the sacred mountains of the Sioux and that will bring war. The white men will need scouts—Crow scouts. And when the war is over, the soldier-chiefs will not forget that the Crows came to their aid."

The council listened to the young Chief, agreed that he spoke the truth, and voted to supply the soldier-chiefs with all the scouts they needed.

Many years later, Plenty Coups frankly admitted that the Crows arrived at this decision through purely selfish reasons. "Our decision was reached, not because we loved the white man who was already crowding other tribes into our country, or because we hated the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, but because we plainly saw that this course was the only one which might save our beautiful country for us. When I think back my heart sings because we acted as we did. It was the only way open to us."

Plenty Coups modestly omitted mentioning that it was, in large part, due to his own far-seeing clarity of vision that the Crows adopted a policy of firm cooperation with the white men. Riding with the whirlwind instead of blindly opposing it, the Crows retained the heartland of their beloved country while the three allied tribes were defeated and stripped of their lands. The Crow treaty with the conquerors was upheld and honored because Crows validated it with their blood shed in battle in the white man's defense. The tribe had plenty of trouble striving to adjust to the white man's difficult ways, but the hardships they experienced were as nothing compared to the tragic fate that overwhelmed the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

(*Concluded in Next Issue*)

They Stole the Parson's Pants!

(*Continued from page* 31)

Son and bellowed out with fire and brimstone. He offered a prayer, then led the motley crew in singing *Onward Christian Soldiers.*

As he headed for the door, the proprietor grabbed him by the arm.

"Wait—there ain't been a collection yet."

The hat was passed. It came back overflowing. Parson Tom left, a grateful man.

THE hush that had fallen on the crowd was gradually dissipated by a growing murmur. They resumed their gambling and once more gathered around the bar for spiritual libations and talked about the preacher. Just then someone got up and suggested that perhaps they had been too cautious with their contributions towards their salvation.

"Wonder how much he got?" asked another.

No one had any idea. "What ever it was, it oughta been more," spoke up a third party.

Soon everyone joined in that they should have given twice as much and would gladly give again. But no one wanted to broach the subject to the preacher. The most reasonable solution, it seemed, was to steal his pants that night, learn the contents of the billfold, and double whatever it contained.

There were many qualified to do the stealing, so the score of volunteers had to be cut down to three—one to take the pants, and the other two to keep an eye on each other, just in case.

Once the parson was asleep, they slit the tent and stole the trousers. Returning to the sporting house there was much concern over the trusting parson, since the collection of $400 could have very easily been stolen. The hat was passed around again and this time the count neared $1,000.

But a new problem arose about the return of the pants. Taking them back would spoil much of the night's fun. Worst of all, it wasn't safe now that every cutthroat in the place knew about the money. Men have been known to have killed for lots less. So they kept the pants.

EARLIER than usual they crowded the saloon, curious to see what the preacher would do. Sure enough, he stormed in, his long underwear showing from under his long-frocked coat. Though well out of breath, it didn't prevent him from shouting hellfire and damnation.

"You're all a bunch of conniving thieves," he yelled.

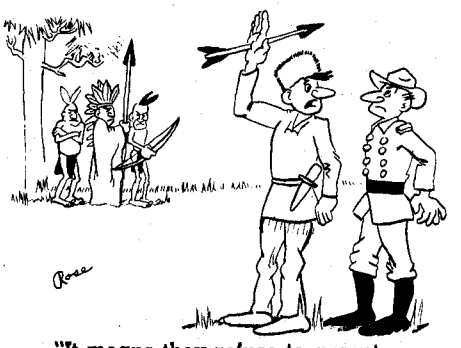
Everyone was a mask of innocence when Masterson asked. "Why?"

"Someone stole my pants and money," he thundered.

Seeing that no one could refrain much longer, Masterson stepped up, and a titter of laughter mounted to a roar as he handed the preacher his pants and bulging wallet, while he apologized and explained.

The bug-eyed minister stammered, grinned and thanked the miners and gamblers profusely. Having pulled on his pants, he started for the door with head bowed and face flushed with embarrassment. Then he remembered an iron-clad custom of the early West—the winner's circle. Striding back to the bar, he shouted lustily:

"The drinks are on me boys—milk!"



"It means they refuse to accept our friendship."

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Devil's Grin

(*Continued from page* 17)

"Judge" Van Horn had bestowed the title on himself, after being disbarred and expelled from the practice of law in almost every state in the Union. Van Horn, once a brilliant lawyer, was addicted to the use of opium and cocaine. His value to Soapy was great in many ways.

"Ice Box" Bernie Bolton, a skinny pock-marked character, was of no value whatever except for laughs. Once Bernie had aspired to be a great safe blower, and had worked as studiously as his limited mentality would permit to achieve his ambition. After years of study, the boys finally permitted Bernie to tackle his first job. He was selected to blow the safe in a large wholesale meat market.

On the appointed night, Bernie was hoisted through a jimmied window of the butcher shop. Using his "light torch" to find the safe, Bernie set the charge and departed. Within seconds the entire rear wall blew out of the place, and the waiting thugs dashed in to collect the loot. They found the safe intact, but the floor, wall and ceilings covered with pork chops, beef sides and hunks of mutton. Poor dumb Bernie had made a slight mistake. He had blown open the big metal ice box instead of the safe.

Henceforth, Bernie was "Ice Box" Bolton to everybody. Soapy Smith took pity on the forlorn oaf and took him on for laughs.

BY the time of the big silver strike in Mineral County, Colorado, in 1892, Soapy had forty assorted criminals working for him. Among them were specialists in every type of crime. The outfit was well equipped to take advantage of the tempting situation existing in the boom towns of Mineral County. Soapy's men scouted the towns and reported that Creede offered the best set-up. Smith moved in promptly and took over.

Backed by his tough henchmen, Soapy cut himself in on the profits of every saloon and gambling hall. He also built a large place of his own and cut nobody in.

The only real opposition Soapy encountered, at first, was from Bob Ford—the man who had won himself a reputation of sorts by shooting Jesse James in the back. Ford had reached Creede early, and opened the first combination saloon and gambling hall in town. He resented the appearance of Soapy Smith, as he had planned on being Creede's Big Chief himself. A clash between the two men seemed inevitable.

At his own convenience, Soapy strolled over to Ford's saloon to straighten Bob out. The pair sat together at a table in a back room, and Soapy was seen to lean across the table and speak to Ford in a low voice. The words, whatever they were, scared Bob Ford half to death. Next day he announced that "Mister Smith" was his full partner. Bob remained abjectly subservient to Soapy until the day a young stranger came quietly into Creede and unquietly blasted the life out of Ford with a shotgun.

Soapy's brilliant, twisted mind was beginning to get bored with his rich set-up in Creede when, in the summer of 1897, gold was discovered in Alaska. Gold in the Klondike! Big Chief felt the call to new adventure on a raw, new frontier and accepted the challenge.

Dyea and Skagway were each trying to outdo the other as the main jumping off place for the trail into the Klondike, when Soapy, his grin and his gang, arrived on the hectic scene.

Making a thorough study of the situation, Soapy rightly decided that Skagway would emerge as the favored entrance to the gold fields. Smith figured correctly that most of the thousands of gold hungry prospectors would prefer to get to the Yukon by the route that led from Skagway over White Pass, instead of chancing the dreaded Chilkoot Pass that led from Dyea to Lake Linderman, then to the Yukon.

WITHIN four months, Soapy Smith was Lord of Skagway. Buying off local officials, bribing local lawmen, quietly murdering anyone who dared stand in his way, Soapy, once again, ruled an entire town. Not a wheel turned, not a card dealt, nor a drink sold, that the man with the grin did not get his cut.

Up until his Klondike venture, Soapy had been able to control his lust for wealth. But silver and greenbacks were one thing and gold—yellow, shining gold—was quite another. In his insane craving for the precious stuff, Soapy lost his balance. Nothing, he believed, could stop him now from becoming the richest man in the world.

Nothing did stop him, for a long time. Bunco games were abandoned—they weren't fast enough for Soapy now. He replaced his more genteel criminals—the con men—with a group of strong-arm thugs and ruthless cut-throats. This leering, bullying, murderous mob, led by the dim-witted but vicious "Ice Box" Bolton, specialized in robbing prospectors, newly in from the Yukon, of their pokes of gold.

Murmurs of discontent and rebellion began to be heard around Skagway. The respectable element organized a vigilante group. Soapy grinned at the news, and continued to loot more and more gold.

Lemuel Stewart had spent back-breaking months with pick and shovel, pan brother to every man he met, by methods known only to himself.
and rocker, in the Yukon. Not so successful as the average Klondike prospector, Lem had gathered $2,700 worth of gold dust and was content to call it quits. With his little fortune in a moosehide poke, he was heading for home in Nanaimo, British Columbia. Skagway was, of necessity, Stewart's first stop on his way home.

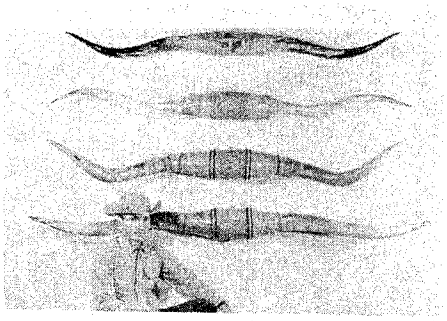
Trail weary, Lem rented a room, slept a few hours, then started out to find a place where he could exchange his gold dust for greenbacks.

As he left the rooming house, he was spotted by Crimp Neff, one of Soapy's steerers. Neff, roughly dressed like a prospector, joined Stewart on the street and had no trouble striking up a conversation. Lem promptly accepted Neff's offer to buy a drink at Jeff's Place—Soapy Smith's big saloon.

After a few drinks, Stewart confided that he wanted to find a place where he could exchange his dust for greenbacks.

"Glad you told me," smiled Neff. "Don't go to any of these merchants.

(*Continued on following page*)



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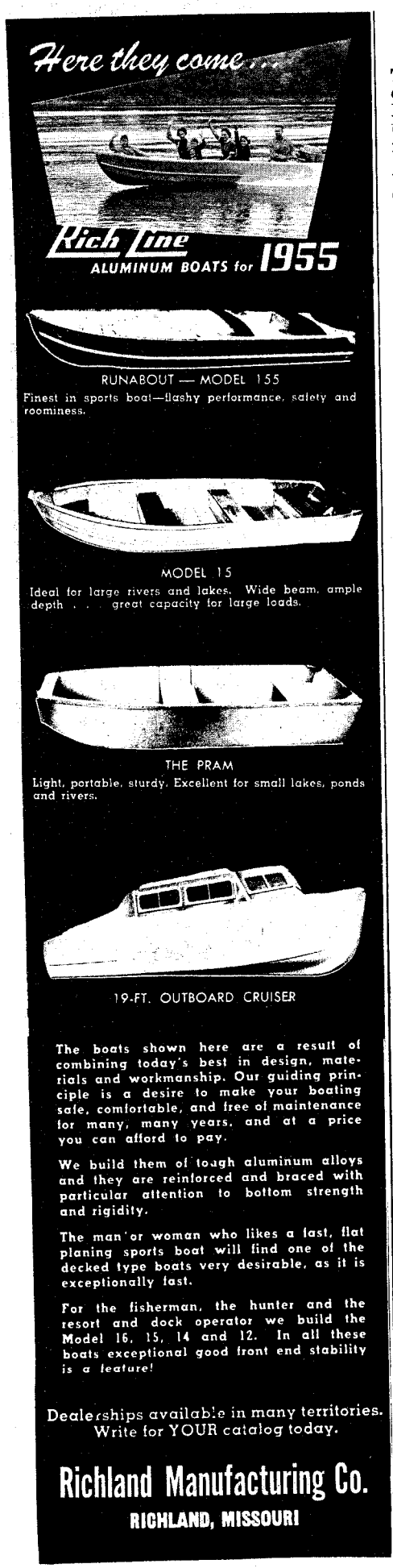


Devil's Grin

(*Continued from preceding page*)

They charge a big commission for changin' gold. They're a bunch of crooks. I know a man who won't charge you a cent for changin' your gold. Matter of fact, I'm meetin' him here soon."

Soapy's men, seeing that Crimp had brought in a victim, swarmed around. They bought drinks and slapped Lem on the back. They hefted his poke and played a hilarious game at guessing how many ounces it contained.

"Why don't you show Lem the eagle?" asked one of the gang.

"Sure thing!" replied another thug. "Hey, Lem, they got a big eagle out in the back. Wanta see it?"

With several snorts of red-eye under his belt, Lem thought that seeing an eagle was a helluva good idea. He picked up his poke and followed Crimp out the back door. Two of his new "friends" tagged along.

LEM looked around the cluttered yard. "Where'sh the eagle?" he asked thickly. Nobody answered. Instead, Crimp pinned Stewart's arms behind his back while a confederate snatched the poke. Suddenly, Lem found himself, cold sober, standing alone in the yard. His "friends" had vanished.

Stewart ran back into the saloon and excitedly told the bartender what had happened. Soapy Smith, who had just arrived, grinned.

"You're mistaken, stranger," said Soapy. "I own this place, and nobody has ever been robbed here. I wouldn't permit it."

The bartender howled in delight as Lem dashed out the door. Stewart ran down the street yelling, "I been robbed! I been robbed!"

Bill Severn, editor of Skagway's little newspaper, the *Alaskan*, came running from his office, as did many other shopkeepers and merchants. Soon Lem was surrounded by an indignant group of citizens, listening to his story. Soapy's boys, in the background, tried without success to drown him out with shouts and curses.

Editor Severn snapped, "This has gone far enough." He raised his voice so the crowd could hear his words. "Men, how much longer are we going to stand for Soapy Smith and his crew? Must Skagway always be ruled by thugs and murderers?"

Frank Reid, the city engineer, stepped forward. "Every man who is tired of Soapy Smith and his rule be at the town hall at ten o'clock. Spread the word all over town."

"That's the spirit!" approved Editor Severn. "Let's make it a big meeting! But right now—who will go with me to get this man's gold back from the crooks?"

Thirty armed men appeared at Jeff's Place within an hour.

Soapy greeted them at the door, grinning broadly. "Gents," he said, "I know what you've come for. My boys told me you were on the way."

"We've come to get Stewart's gold back," said Severn. "*Now!*"

Soapy reached down to the floor behind him, and brought up the mooseskin poke, still full of gold dust. "Here it is," he chuckled. "My boys were just having a bit of fun with that green prospector."

Severn took the poke and handed it to Stewart. Nobody listened to the rest of Soapy's explanation. The group of citizens walked out while Smith was talking. For once, Soapy failed to grin.

So many citizens showed up at the town hall, at meeting time, that the scene of the proceedings was shifted to Juneau Wharf, where there was plenty of room for all.

SOAPY sent ten of his strong-arm men to attend the meeting and break it up. The big boss waited in his saloon for his henchmen to report. Time dragged, and Soapy took one of his rare slugs of whiskey to bolster his nerves.

"Ice Box" Bolton, in charge of the break-up-the-meeting detail, walked slowly in, followed by his dejected men. Bernie stared at Soapy without saying a word.

"Well, what happened?" demanded the boss. "Say something, you idiot! *What happened?*"

"Boss," whimpered Bernie, "we didn' bust up the meetin'."

"Why not?" Smith bawled.

"They got men with shotguns patrollin' the wharf. They wouldn' let us in. Said we was crooks, an' they'd shoot us down if we didn' leave."

Soapy Smith, the Big Chief of Skagway, did not like what he heard. He went behind the bar, picked up a rifle and ran out the door. "Ice Box" and the other boys sat tight.

As Soapy, Winchester in hand, drew near the wharf, he heard the barked command. "Halt! Drop that rifle and hold up your hands!"

In the dim light of the summer evening, Soapy recognized city engineer Reid, doing patrol duty on the approach to the wharf.

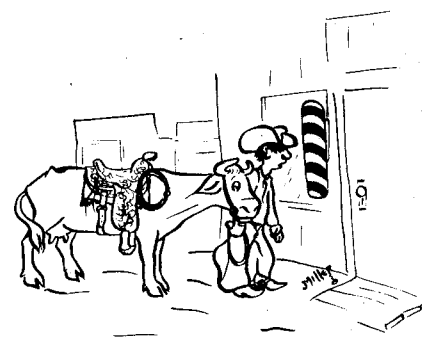
"Get out of here, Soapy," ordered Reid, aiming his cocked six-gun at the intruder. "You aren't wanted here."

Soapy grinned. "Why sure, Frank," he said easily—and whipped the rifle up and fired.

Reid fired at almost the same instant. Both men fell. Soapy was dead, drilled through the heart by Reid's slug. Reid was dying.

The citizens gathered on the wharf came running at the sound of shots. The words "Soapy's killed!" rang through the town. The reign of the Lord of Skagway was over.

The newly-formed law and order committee immediately swept through every hangout of Soapy's men. The frenzied mob, with orders to shoot to kill any and all crooks, went hog-wild. With their leader dead, the gang lit out in all directions; along the river bank; down into the valleys and up into the moun-



"Doc, I think I need those glasses after all."

True West

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tains; anywhere to escape the vengeance of the howling mob.

Seven of the hunted men were shot down. Forty crooks were captured. Ropes were brought out, guns loaded. It looked like a deadly, bloody night in Skagway. But word of the situation had reached the ears of Captain Yeatman, stationed in nearby Dyea, with a large unit of U.S. Infantry. The Captain and his troops came on the double-quick, reaching Skagway just in time to halt the bloody program of wholesale killings.

By the following morning, Skagway's angry citizens had cooled off. The survivors of the Smith gang were held for legal trials by newly appointed policemen, who had quickly replaced Soapy's hand-picked "officers of the law."

Two days later Soapy Smith was buried, unmourned.

But the ex-cowboy was not unremembered. As a warning to all criminals, a thirty-foot high human skull was carved from a huge white rock atop a hill above the town and inscribed in big white letters, SOAPY SMITH.

It was, of course, a grinning skull.

———o———

"Heap Good Medicine"

(*Continued from page* 24)

We had him about two weeks when another Indian, White Man, came along. He saw the pony and grunted, "My pony. Me take."

We didn't want to lose the pony, but didn't want any trouble, so we let White Man take it. The next time I saw Joe-Child-in-Mouth I told him that White Man had claimed the pony and taken it.

"Him no understand, me fix 'em," Joe assured me. "He my brother-in-law. I marry *his* sister. He marry *my* sister. His pony my pony, my pony his pony. All same. Me fix 'em. You get 'em pony back."

The next time Joe came along he fetched another pony and explained, "My pony, you keep. White Man no understand. Him sister, him pony. Him no savvy. Heap good medicine."

We thought every thing was settled, but then one day White Man came along and fetched the pony he had taken and said, "You keep. Me no savvy. Medicine heap good!"

Then Joe came back. I told him that White Man had returned the other pony, and now I had *two* ponies.

Joe grinned. "Heap good—you keep. White Man's squaw had big jaw, awful sick. Me take medicine your squaw put on my squaw's arm, put on White Man's squaw's jaw. Hide all come off, but it take away big jaw. White Man afraid big jaw came back if he don't take pony back. All same, heap good."

About a year later, Joe stopped at the ranch again. "Medicine heap good," he told me. "Cure squaw, cure horse, cure dog. Maybe so your squaw fix 'em. Medicine getting little. Me show."

He went over to his wagon and fetched out the remains of his mustard plaster. It was filthy dirty and drawn up to about the size of a man's hand. It looked like a cow chip.

My wife fixed up another mustard plaster, and told Joe when he wanted to use it to soak it in warm water. She showed him how to make the medicine, too. Joe left her a pair of beaded moccasins and went off happy with his "heap good medicine."

Bob Ford, The Man Who Killed Jesse James

(*Continued from page* 11)

"Get a doctor," she screamed to the group gathered around. But no one moved. They all knew that a doctor would be of no help. Bob had been killed in the same cowardly manner which he had dealt death to Jesse James, ten years earlier.

Dottie stood up and went behind the rail they had used to partition off the office. "He wasn't hurting nobody. He had planned to do a lot of good in camp," she said as tears ran down her thin pale face.

She looked again at Bob and saw the blood staining his white shirt and trickling onto the floor. "Jus' to think they would shoot him with that kind of a gun. Why, Bob wouldn't a-shot a coyote with a shotgun. It's a coward's gun." She wiped her eyes then went on: "When he killed Jesse James, back in Missouri, he done it with a forty-five."

THE body of Bob Ford was taken to the local undertaker's establishment, and for a day a parade of curious men and women filed past the casket to take a look at the outlaw. Dottie prepared a funeral service. This wasn't a regular occurrence. The dead were usually hauled to the cemetery and buried, without further ceremony. Funeral services took time and the living, in their mad rush to get rich quick, had little time for the dead. Upon hearing of a death of a friend, perhaps someone would say, "I think he should have a funeral." The other would answer, "I think so, too." So they would pass the word around and there would be a service.

Bob's funeral drew a large crowd, and Dottie was the chief mourner. A minister read from the Scriptures. It was from the fourth chapter of First Peter, and included the words. "For charity shall cover the multitude of sins." What irony of fate permitted Bob's favorite quotation from the Bible to be read at his funeral?

Dottie left camp shortly afterward. A few years later she returned, gave a series of dances and raised enough money to take Bob's body back to Missouri.

O'Kelly was sentenced to life imprisonment in the State Penitentiary, but was pardoned after serving two years. A few years later he was shot in the back by a policeman in Pueblo.

The motive for the shooting of Bob Ford probably grew out of several incidents. Someone said that O'Kelly's mother had been mistreated in Missouri by the James gang; then it was told that O'Kelly and Bob had been on a drunk together in Pueblo, and Bob had lost a diamond scarf-pin and accused O'Kelly of stealing it; at a later date it was known that O'Kelly went into Bob's saloon and started trouble. Bob took O'Kelly's knife and gun away from him and hit him over the head with the gun and threatened to shoot him if he ever came back. All these stories the people heard about, but the general opinion was that O'Kelly simply wanted to be the man to kill the man who killed Jesse James.

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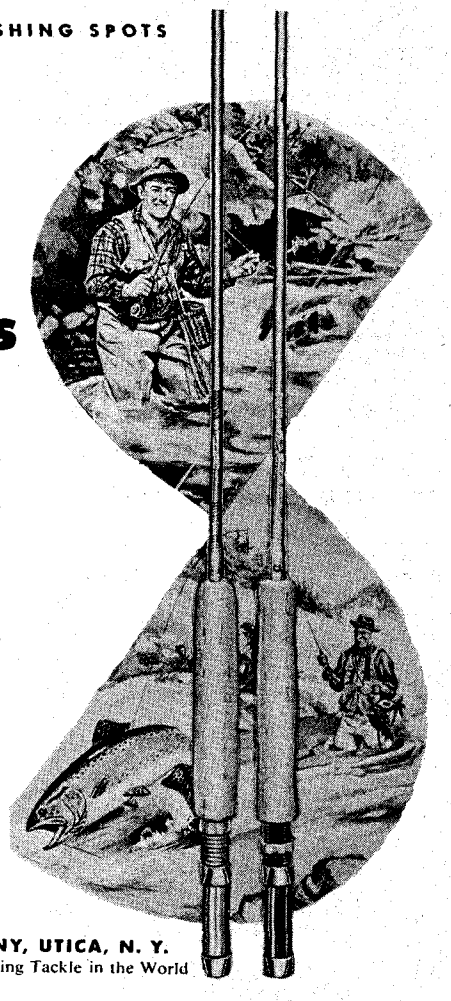

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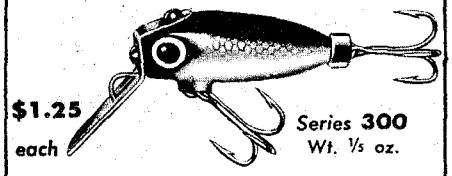

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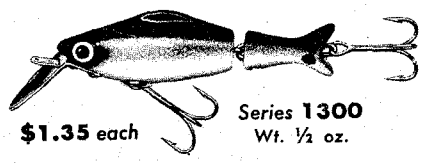

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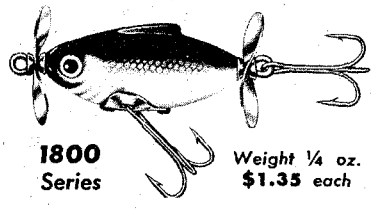

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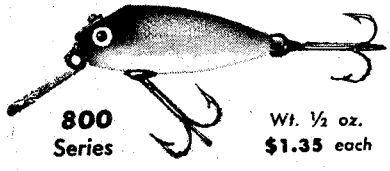

800 Series

Wt. 1/2 oz.
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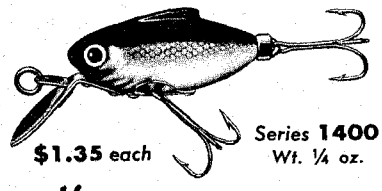
DEEP-R-DOODLE



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Gentleman Jackass

(*Continued from page* 25)

THERE was a time when literally thousands of burros ranged wild all along the north bank of the Rio Grande in its lower reaches. Some hunters used them to sight in their rifles—to get a little shooting in preparation for the deer season. The burros didn't seem to mind—that is, the ones that didn't get shot. They just stood and looked.

But when the battle against the Mexican fever tick started, all these burros were rounded up and driven across the Rio Grande. Some still roam wild there—most were captured and put to use.

The burro would drive most Americans stark crazy in a short time because they cannot adapt themselves to his tempo. He is geared low, and he moves in his lowest gear. He thinks in that gear, responds in it.

But to many people below the Rio Grande, where time isn't considered as important as merely being alive and realizing that fact, the pace of the burro fits the pace of human life.

It is literally impossible to hurry a burro. Most people who whip them do so merely for company—to let the burro know he is among friends. If a burro is beaten hard, he may move into a little jog trot. But he won't hold it for more than a few feet. Let horses run—maybe they've got some place they want to go. The burro doesn't care.

There is only one kind of punishment that seems to really rack the little animal all the way to his inner soul, and seldom is it used since most burro owners learn to love their ugly little critters and never beat them with anything heavier than a small club.

But to twist a burro's tail sends a terrible wave of pain all the way up his spine, and brings him to sudden and unexpected life. Sometimes when a burro gets cranky, his owner will do that. And burros get cranky—one might just decide he's had enough and lie down right where he is. No explanation—he just lies down. Then if beating won't get him up, tail-twisting is the ticket.

FEW Americans know the important part this little beast played in the development of our own West—and mainly because the historians prefer to mention the horse, a more glamorous animal. But the fact remains that a large part of the gold-prospecting in the old West was done with burros. And to this day no finer animal has been found for the most rugged of gold hunting.

For the burro is the surest-footed of them all. He can live on just whatever happens to be around—bark or roots or anything else that has juice in it. He can stand any kind of weather. He can carry a mighty load for long hours, and without complaint.

He can do more—he can always lead his owner to water if the owner has enough sense to let him. He can always find his way back.

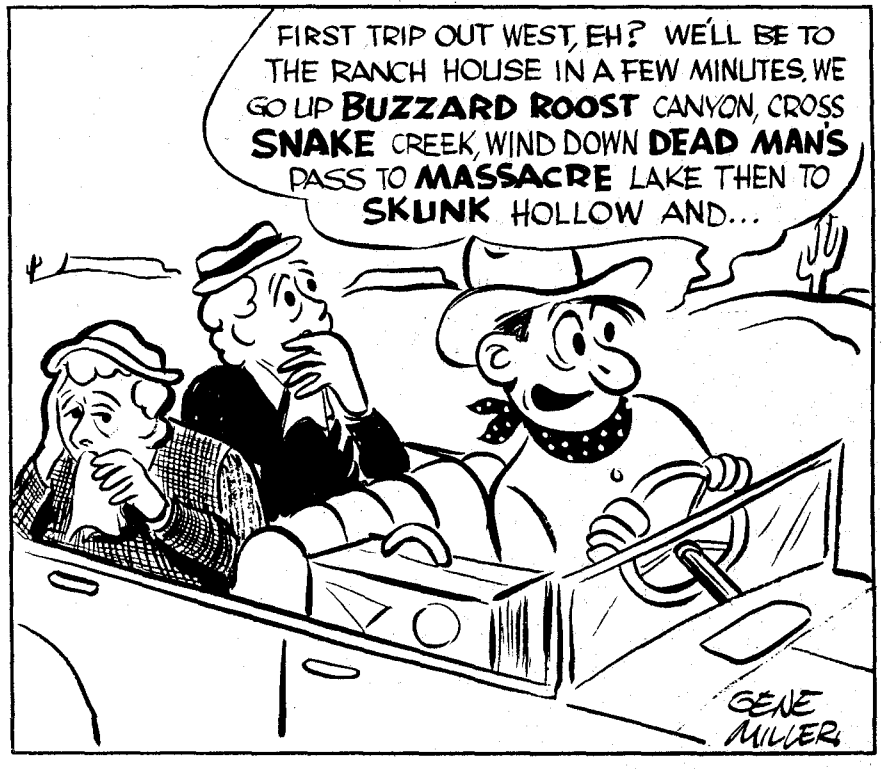
And he can find gold—so the old timers believed.

Yet he remains the butt of jokes in our literature and in our conversation. Only rarely has he received the honor he deserved.

In the town of Fairplay, Colorado, the people have played fair with the burro. In 1930 they erected a monument dedicated to Prunes, a burro. Prunes was brought into the South Park area in 1857, and he worked in every mine in the Fairplay-Alma district. He finally got his reward—his glory.

One old-time prospector, a man named Robert Sherwood, was so touched by the honor given Prunes that he decided he wanted to be buried right at the rear of Prunes' monument. He got his wish—he was buried there in 1931.

The burro is a remarkable little animal—and he's going where the old timers go, into the land of memory.



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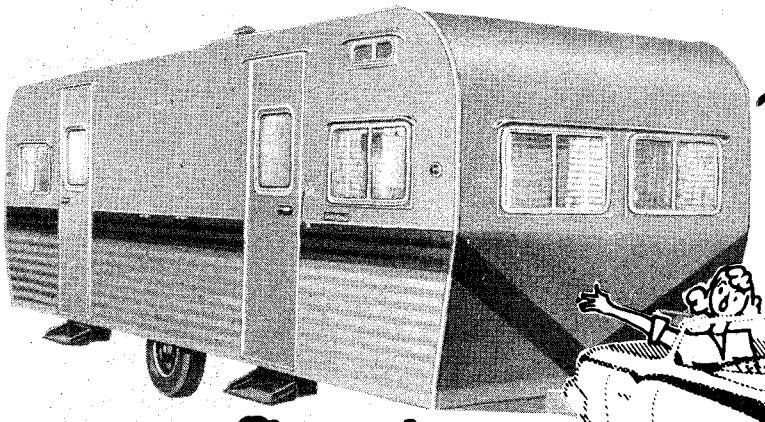

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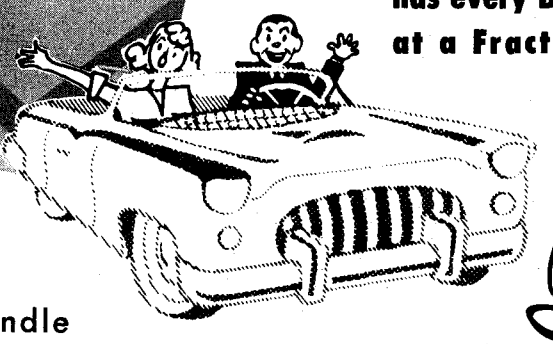
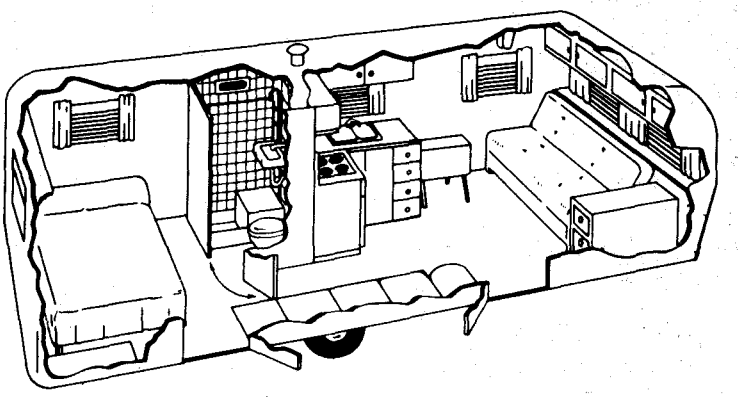


Outside

Inside



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Wash Barker and the Rock Pens

(*Continued from page* 27)

walking to the ranch cabin he passed a shed under which a woman was grinding corn on a metate. As he came even with her, she said low, in Spanish, without looking up, "They will kill you."

He was rolling a shuck cigarette. He paused to stoop over to light it at the fire on which the woman was cooking tortillas. He knew that he was being watched. As he stooped, he left a five dollar gold piece for the woman. He had to go on to the house. It was now dusky dark. The two men appeared to be expecting him. They were hospitable, of course. They said that a drink of tequila would be good between a long ride and supper.

"I always favor my horse before I favor myself," Wash Barker told them. He feared one or both of them would insist on accompanying him. To his relief, they did not. He judged they wanted to consult. The motte of trees and the darkness hid him while he resaddled. So as not to make noise, he led the horse a short distance before mounting. Somehow the horse seemed refreshed by the cool excitement that had put new life into his rider. Wash Barker rode for hours until he came to a waterhole in a well-grassed prairie. He unsaddled, watered his horse, staked him, and fell asleep.

WHEN he awoke the sun was high. He saw an Indian off maybe a hundred yards standing immobile and looking at and beyond him. He went up to the Indian and asked him in Spanish. "How long have you been here?"

"Since you arrived in the night."

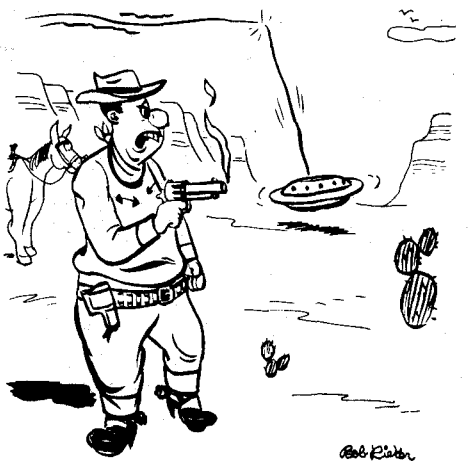
Without saying so, the Indian knew the two Mexicans whom Wash Barker had ridden away from. He took Wash Barker to his camp, and for over a year Wash Barker lived with these Indians.

I have followed him far away from the Rock Pens. On the day he told Jim Nichols about seeing the Rock Pens, Jim Nichols went to see his Aunt Maggie Fitzpatrick. She was a very old woman with a remarkable memory and a lively interest in affairs and people. Jim Nichols asked her if she knew anything about the Rock Pens.

"I have never seen them," she said, "but I have been within stepping distance of them. More than once while your Uncle John Fitzpatrick and I were driving to our ranch from the lower country, he flicked his buggy whip towards a motte on the north side of the Nueces before we got to the old Mud Crossing and said the Rock Pens were right over there. This was in the Mike Carroll pasture, which later became part of the Shiner Ranch."

She told Jim Nichols to bring Wash Barker to see her so that they could compare notes on the Rock Pens. Within less than a month Wash Barker was dead. John Fitzpatrick, from Ireland, was a stonemason by trade. He became a sheepman but retained his interest in stone masonry. He said the rocks were solidly mortared together. Others have said the rocks were loose.

Men are still looking for the Rock Pens. Bulldozers are knocking down and chaining up mesquites and other growth down in the brush country by the hundreds of thousands of acres annually. I hope the brush that hides the Rock Pens never will be disturbed. They are just one of the secrets the brush hides, and this is a secret that ought to stay secret. I hope what I have written won't betray it.



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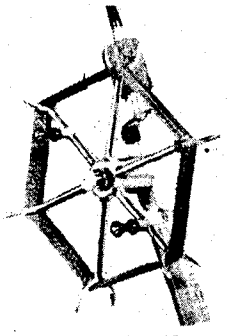

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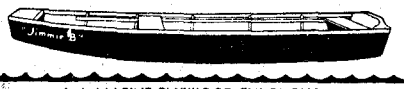

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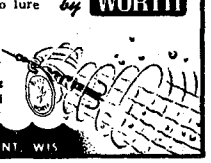

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Outlaws Never Die

(*Continued from page* 21)

cities of the State. Accompanying the head in death, as in life, and adding to the authenticity of it all, was the mutilated hand of Jack Three Fingers. Supersition began to build up as the head and crippled hand were seen by thousands.

The repulsive display came to a close finally when Sheriff Harrison was ordered to seize the withered head and sell it at public auction to satisfy debts incurred by the promoters exhibiting it.

In spite of a frenzied cry during the auction by one man who shouted, "Is it possible that you are going to sell the head of your fellow creature?" the head brought $63.

You'd feel pretty confident that Joaquin Murietta was dead—that there would never be any stories about his living on.

Well, you'd be wrong!

Not too long ago came a letter from the Republic of Chile, and, according to the story, it was written by Joaquin Murietta himself. He was still alive. He lived on, to the ripe old age of ninety.

"Joaquin is not dead," the superstitious among the Mexicans will tell you.

In Hollywood there lived until recently one Don Ygnacio Plummer, survivor of the turbulent days when Los Angeles echoed to the sound of barking guns. "I knew Joaquin Murietta well," said Don Ygnacio, "and I saw the head they displayed as his. It was not Joaquin's head, but that of an Indian. Joaquin escaped, fled over the border into Mexico with his beloved Carlita and settled down to a life of peace and luxury among his own people."

And so it goes—and so outlaws never die.

Maybe, like old soldiers, they just fade away.

———o———

Short Lives

Not long ago, George Hendricks made a study of 250 bad men of the Old West, and published his findings under the title of THE BADMEN OF THE WEST. It was put out by Naylor of San Antonio.

Hendricks found that the badmen didn't live long. There were exceptions, such as Emmett Dalton, but the average life-span of the gun-toters was between 30 and 35 years.

After that their reflexes slowed down, and younger men, anxious to establish a reputation by knocking them off, closed out their careers.

———o———

Buffalo Roundup at Sea

(*Continued from page* 29)

To effect the roundup, Jack White divided the entire island into thousand-acre areas on a map and then deployed a dozen cowboys, in three teams, to search every nook and cranny of Catalina, taking one area at a time.

USING horses and jeeps, the advancing herders combed virtually every square yard of the island, shooing buffalo ahead of them as they moved forward steadily toward a fenced compound previously prepared for the animals on Avalon's outskirts. The search encompassed an ascent to Mt. Orizaba, Catalina's highest mountain which towers 2109 feet above sea level, and a descent to the bare volcanic mounds that line the shore across the island at China Point. White took his men into deserted Silver Canyon, scene of a historic gold hunt, and prowled the town alleys of Avalon.

"In four days we'd accounted for every buffalo on the island," he declared, "but before they were all safely in the new compound, another three days passed. And what days they were! Two jeeps were wrecked, five horses injured and one of my men broke his leg. We'd handled four buffalo stampedes, had to shoot two of the critters when they attacked us, and even fished a half dozen of 'em out of the ocean after they broke away and started swimming toward the mainland.

"As for me," White concluded, "the only buffalo I want to see from now on are the kind they put on those shiny nickels!"

———o———

Did They Fan Them?

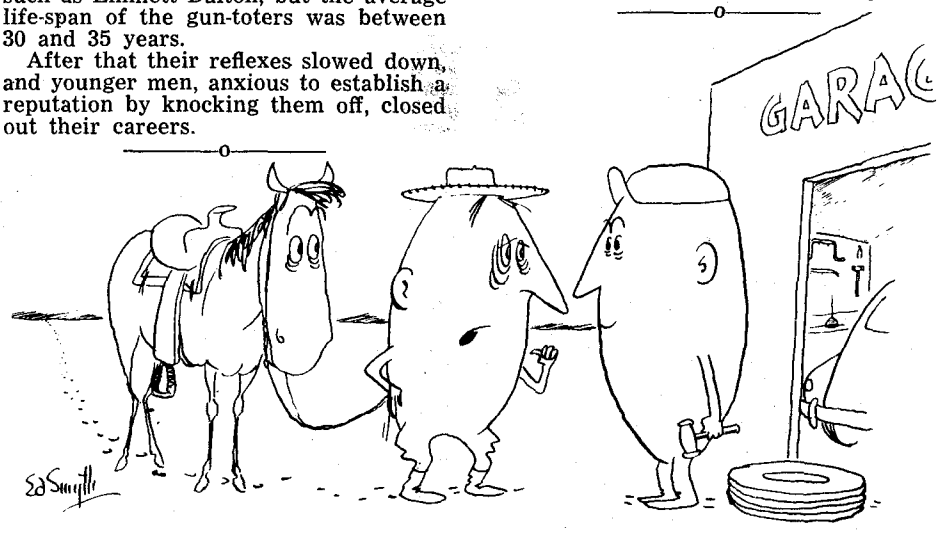
Millions of words have been written over the question of whether the gunmen of the Old West ever fanned their .45's in actual fights. There are mighty few accounts of fanning, one being related by Wyatt Earp, the famous marshal. (The man who fanned did nothing but fan air and got himself killed).

Well, the fact is that it can be done. It was proved by Ed McGivern, a pistol wizard of Montana. He got off all five shots from an old Colt thumb-buster in 1 1-5 seconds and put them all in a space the size of a man's hand at 18 feet!

McGivern proved another stunt claimed for the Old West—he proved that a man can learn to fire with a gun in each hand, firing alternately or simultaneously and do a fast, accurate job.

So maybe the badmen of the Old West didn't do those stunts—but the stunts were possible.

———o———



"I'm a guest at the dude ranch, and one of us needs a grease job!"

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DOUGHBELLY'S DOIN'S

LOOKING BACK
By doughBelly Price

Wherein The Sage of Taos takes a wry squint back over one shoulder to see if he can tell in which direction we're heading.

When I was just A kid, and that has been A long time back, I was told by my father to go over to A neighbors ranch and help him round up his cattle. He was broke, and the Bankers and Commission men was coming to close him out.

We worked the range and got the herd together and throwed them in on the bed ground, and late that afternoon the vultures arrived at the ranch, had A fine supper and then went into the big front room to A long table and got to the job of figuring out what each one was to get.

The conversation was going like this: so many yearling steers, so many yearling heifers and so many cows (calves dident count them days) and they will bring about so much when they are on the market. Well, he owes me so much and you so much; and if the cattle bring this figure, you can expect about seventy five per cent of what you have coming. And so on down the line, paying No atten to big Ed setting over by the big fire place.

About eight o'clock, big Ed stretched and yawned and said: "Well, boys, I am going to bed. I have got to go on guard at twelve and there is just two things I would like for you to leave me when you get done. That is old Dusty, my old cutting horse. He is too old to bring any money. And leave me the manure on the bed ground. I will be eating tea Bone steaks when some of you boys is Yodeling soup."

Now mind you, that was in the days when cowmen rode horses, not Cadillacs. He didn't run screaming to the Federal government for price supports or ask for money.

I had A chance to have A talk with him fifteen years later, and he was worth A considerable amount of money for them days. And he done it in the cow business, the only thing he knowed. He stepped out and leased A little ranch and got him a string of cattle on the shares and went from there.

The boys that done the figuring that night had left him old Dusty and his saddle. Old Dusty had long since gone where all good cow horses go and his wife had gone on also. Big Ed had long since turned the afternoon of life.

But he told me that afternoon that I had the talk with him, with that far away look in his eyes, that the only thing that he regretted that them two could not be with him to share the setting of the evening sun.

And we are today on the eve of history repeating itself, as in big Ed's case. The cowmen of today has graduated from cow horses to Cadallics and they are even with the world, owe as many as they don't owe, and pay day is just over the hill.

I think (but that dont change A thing) when old father time closes the door of nineteen fifty four with A bang and fifty five comes marching in that it will be A year when the cowman will jump way wide and some to the left. And if he is A cowman and depending on cattle to make it, he is almost A dead stinking fish.

The greed for gold and Cadallic cars has led them way out in deep water and many of them will never make it back to the shore. The lure of so called cheap Insurance money has been too great. The false demand of high priced cattle with registration papers has took him in from A cowboy bed to A beauty rest mattress, from A bed ground with the sky for A roof to A steam heated room, from beef steak gravy and sour dough Biscuits to toast and tea with lady fingers in it, from answering the call of nature A safe distance from camp to A warm toilet just off the kitchen, from building A fire with cow chips to striking A match and turning on the gas, and instead of going and looking to see how the cattle is doing he waits for the weather report on the Radio and then goes to see his attorney.

And today instead of the hired help Saddling A horse and riding bog or the fence, they get A comb and brush and curry the hair of the registered cattle. And if he has not got A degree from some A & M college and learned what he knows from books he is not getting very much money. If he works eight hours A day he is sick and he don't get two weeks vacation with pay and sick leave he is not with you long. And about the highest ambition that them college graduates has is A hangover from Saturday night and an old age pension.

And the world in general. The cowman in particular is not happy, for when you break the cowman you have broke the backbone of the whole shebang and that throws A dark shadow on everything, for beef is the Sustance of our living and they dont have to be registered to be good eating and the hair dont have to be marcelled ever day for the hide to make good boots.

Shore, I know that this is called the age of higher entelligence, but I am not so sure about that. It is owning to the

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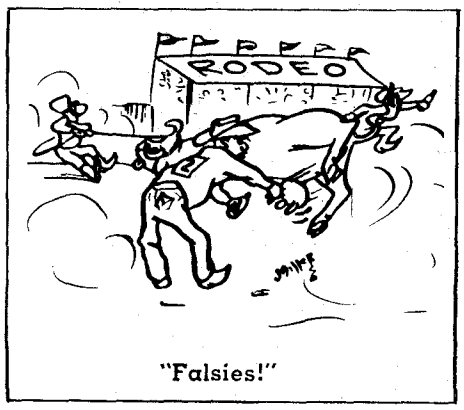

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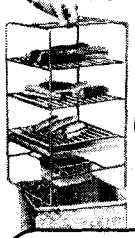

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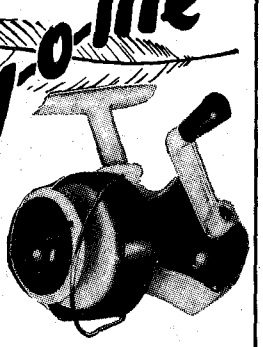
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Doughbelly's Doin's

(*Continued from preceding page*)

way that you define entelligence.

In the days that I first mentioned we was happy because we had confidence in our fellow man and dident know any better. When A neighboring cowman had branding to do, there was A gathering and the work was done and confidences and ideas was exchanged.

Now we have no confidences and the main idea is to get your hand in your neighbors pocket just as quick as you can and as deep as you can. Tell him nothing and if you do tell him something, be sure that it aint the truth.

I may have been borned too soon or to late and I may be old fashioned, but this is just how I see it today. The old cowman like the old cow horse and the long horn cattle is A thing of the long ago.

The foreclosure that I spoke of at the start took place just A little ways north of Fort Worth, forty-five years ago, when Automobiles was very uncommon. The areoplane was in the diaper stage. North Texas was A cow country and it was not run on oil money.

Yes, we have come A long ways but I dont know if it is the right way or not. There was not many schools. And colleges, so far as I know, was something you dreamed about but dident think you would ever see one. You learned from horses and cattle and old mother nature, the wisest most tolerant teacher that has ever been produced but sometimes hard.

This great United States was run by men that had brains and got the knowledge from hard knocks, facing the Summer's sun and the Winter's rain, not in class rooms and lecture halls. And, I repeat, was happy. And I cant say that that is true today.
tell the story.

The Quality of Courage

(*Continued from page* 4)

book couldn't possibly qualify as History; it's too full of wild-turkey hunts and watermelon-snitchings by moonlight and pitching horses and runaway mules and knot-head boys needing their little tail-ends busted. It's something like Gipson's HOUND-DOG MAN, published in 1949, sort of mild, there being only one threat of a gunfight, and it never quite comes off.

But some people seem to like it. Ralph Moody. author of LITTLE BRITCHES says it's one of those hard-to-find books that completely relaxes one. And Harnett T. Kane, author of such books as LOUISIANA HAYRIDE and LADY ARLINGTON says it's "one of 1955's first reading delights." And New York Times critic, Hal Borland talks like it'll do to read, and Dr. Webb gave it his nod of approval.

Only, of course, Webb, being a personal friend of ours and wanting to get his article on courage published in True West couldn't hardly afford to do otherwise.

Anyhow, we thought all these comments were nice and we appreciated them very much. And while we'd be the last ones to urge anybody to grab up his last two six-bits and go tearing off across the country in a high run, just to buy a copy of RECOLLECTION CREEK, still he could take it slow and maybe come back, feeling that his time and money weren't completely wasted. After all, a good, refreshing walk is sometimes beneficial.

Story Behind the Cover

(*Continued from page* 5)

to know! Can we dispute the Grandson of Jesse James?

Now for the clincher—we *think!*

Dear Mr. Palmer:

The photos of the men you call "outlaws" and "infamous" I believe, need correction pertaining to the names of the men therein. I should know because I knew all four of them personally . . .

Seated left to right: Dr. Frank James and Henry Coleman Younger. (Cole Younger married Relissa James, the oldest sister of Dr. Frank and Jesse Woodrow James).

Standing left to right are Jesse Woodrow James, born 4-17-1844, and Jesse David "Dingus" James, 8-5-1847.

. . . Cousin Dingus James . . . is now 106 years old. I personally will not divulge his alias or his recent hiding place. One would think to visit him that he is a Harvard College professor. He could not possibly take the pounding, the trick questions that self-appointed experts fired at Grandpa Jesse Woodrow James in 1948 and until he died in August, 1951. Everybody who had ever seen a Hollywood movie supposedly portraying Frank and Jesse James came with silly and un-needed questions. One learned fellow said to me, "I'll give you my sworn affadavit that this fellow is Jesse James. Yes sir, he chews tobacco just like the fellow in the movies!"

Now, I ask you Andy, what are our great Hollywood producers doing to the American people? Movies are made to make money and to hell with history . . .

Two fabulous characters are alive today who could and should clear up a few mysteries. They are none other than Jesse "Dingus" James—or Dave James—hid down in the South at 106 years of age. The other is Grat Dalton, still rugged at 92. "Believe it or not."—Jesse James III, Manitou Springs, Colorado.

Okay, we rest the case with this testimony from a grandson of Jesse James. Readers of TRUE WEST can take it from here!

The Six-gun Was Ready

Very few people know it, but if the Germans had invaded England in 1940, 108 of the Britishers facing them would have blazed away with single-action Colt revolvers, Model 73—Peacemakers.

And, chances are, the Britishers would have made a pretty fair showing with the grand old gun.

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They're still there, souvenirs of a great past for both nation and gun.

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Truly Western

From Down Under

Dear Editor:

Some time ago I took out a subscription to your magazine without ever having seen a copy, because I felt that the time was ripe for the publication of a magazine devoted to Western Americana. The other day the first five issues of the mag arrived, and I have not gotten over my excitement yet! Gentlemen, you have really exceeded my expectations. The stories and features to be found in each issue of TRUE WEST make the magazine the greatest bargain on the newsstands at only two-bits per copy. Not that your mag is sold on the newsstands down here, you know, but as long as I can get TRUE WEST on subscription, I'll be happy. I have only one suggestion—where possible, use authentic photos or contemporary woodcuts of the period, to decorate your stories. You *are* using quite a lot of oldtime photos (which alone are worth the price of the magazine) but in other cases you use illustrations by modern artists, and these, in my opinion, lack the fascination of the old woodcuts of the period about which your authors write.

I think you could also run reviews of interesting factual Western books and movies. About the latter—Hollywood has produced many fine Western films, but all too often Western movies are produced with history rewritten. Why this should be I don't know, since the true story of the West is so much more fascinating than any fiction can ever be. A recent example I saw: "Jack McCall, Desperado" portrayed Jack McCall as a peace-loving, honorable citizen, and Wild Bill Hickok as a double-dyed villain! But even more incredible, at the film's climax, McCall stands *face to face* with Marshal Hickok and shoots it out with him. Maybe somebody better give that Hollywood script writer a free subscription to TRUE WEST and advise him that McCall shot Hickok in the back.

In conclusion, I'd like to praise that youngster Saundra Davies, of Globe, Arizona, for her fine and thought-provoking letter in your Spring issue. With more young people like her around, this world would be a better place to live in.

Please inform me in plenty of time when I should renew my subscription. I don't want to miss even one issue of TRUE WEST.—Roger Dard, 232 James St., Perth, Western Australia.

Dear Sir:

A friend came to see me lately and brought me some copies of TRUE WEST, which I have read and enjoyed very much. You remember we met in Austin last January . . .

I now want to subscribe to TRUE WEST for one year and enclose check for $3.00 to pay for same.

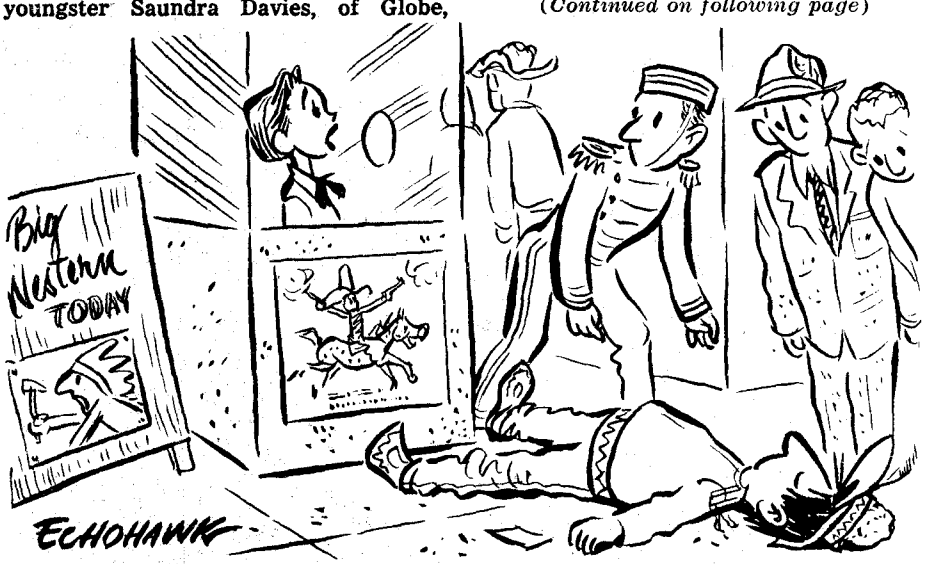
Good luck to you. I am 95 years old and was personally acquainted with several of the men mentioned in the numbers of TRUE WEST I have read. I have noticed only one mistake. The Jackson that was with Sam Bass when Sam was killed at Round Rock was named Jim Jackson, not Frank. I knew Frank Jackson and his family very well. I, myself, rode into Round Rock the day after Sam was killed. I believe the boy that said he saw them kill Sam Bass told the exact facts as he saw it. Very sincerely.—J. Frank Norfleet, Hale Center, Texas.

To write for TRUE WEST you gotta take it as well as dish it out! Here's proof. Can't print all Mr. Rasch's letter for lack of space, but you'll get the idea.

Dear Fred:

I have read with interest Eugene Pawley's "Buckshot Roberts, Fighting Man!" in a back issue, (September) of TRUE WEST. Mr. Pawley's statements differ in certain respects from data which I have collected. Inasmuch as I am working on a book dealing with Lincoln County from 1873 to 1883, I am interested in establishing the facts in this matter. I should like to bring up points on which we differ, cite my sources and ask Mr. Pawley to cite his. I think that by doing this, precisely as

(*Continued on following page*)



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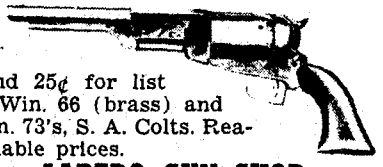

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Truly Western

(*Continued from preceding page*)

you did in the "Rose of Cimarron" case, we may get at the truth.

1. Mr. Pawley states that Roberts' "Christian name is an enigma." I do not understand this. Such obvious sources as Garrett's book and the newspapers of the time give it as Andrew L. More interesting is the fact that both Henry Brown and John Middleton executed affadavits in which they stated that Roberts was an alias for Bill Williams.
2. Mr. Pawley says that Roberts "settled on a little ranch in the beautiful Ruidoso Valley." I ask for a citation on this. George Titsworth, now deceased, used to take violent issue with Burns' (Walter Noble Burns, author of THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID—Ed.) statement that Roberts settled on a ranch in the Ruidoso. He stated that Roberts was unknown locally until just before his death . . .
3. Mr. Pawley says that "Roberts said he had no quarrel with either faction and would stay neutral" and was killed because he would not line up with the McSween side. I now quote from an affadavit executed by Jacob B. Matthews, June 26, 1878:

   Q. "Were you one of the posse that went to Tunstall's ranch on the Felix to attach property?"
   A. "Yes, sir, I was the Deputy Sheriff."
   Q. "Who composed your posse?"
   A. "John Hurley, Manuel Sagobia, Andrew Roberts . . ."

   I ask Mr. Pawley to explain how a member of the posse that killed Tunstall could be considered a neutral.
4. Mr. Pawley states that Roberts killed one man and wounded two in Lincoln. On this I request his citation. No account of such an incident appears in the Santa Fe NEW MEXICAN or the Mesilla INDEPENDENT at this time . . .
5. Mr. Pawley says that "an old Army friend of Roberts, Kitts" had been shot at Blazer's mill. Again I ask for a citation. No such incident was reported in the NEW MEXICAN or the INDEPENDENT. George B. Kitt had been a member of Matthews' second posse. One of the statements in my possession says that Brewer's posse set out to arrest

(*Continued on following page*)

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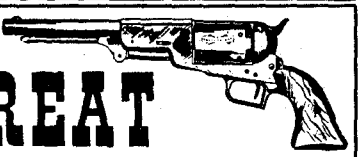

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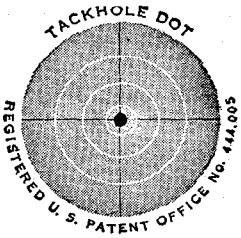

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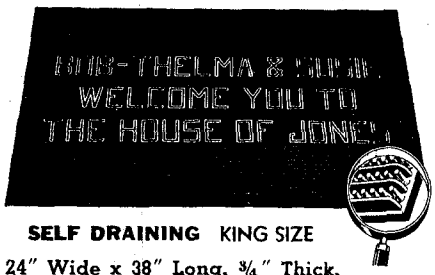

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Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

Kitt and Roberts. No date is given, but this seems to refer to a period about two days before Roberts was killed, so presumably Kitt was alive and unharmed around April 1. . .

6. Mr. Pawley states that as Roberts rode up to the mill "a mob" rode in from the opposite direction . . . McSween had placed affadavits charging members of Matthews' posse with the murder of Tunstall in the hands of Justice of the peace J. B. Wilson on February 19. Wilson issued warrants and Constable Atonacio Martinez, assisted by "Kid" Antrim (Billy the Kid—Ed.) and Fred Waite attempted to serve them. For their efforts they were arrested by Sheriff Brady. Wilson then appointed Brewer—who had been Tunstall's foreman—a constable and gave the warrants to him. How can a posse in execution of their legal duties be described as "a mob"?

7. Mr. Pawley states that Roberts killed "Dirty Steve" Stephen. Again I ask him to cite his sources. Stephens was at Chisum's South Springs ranch on July 4. He was with the group that killed Bernstein on August 5 . . .

8. Mr. Pawley states that Brewer's death left Billy the Kid in command. I ask for a citation. The NEW MEXICAN for May 11, 1878, for instance, says that "This M'Nab took Brewer's place after he (Brewer) was killed as captain of the murderers . . ."

. Mr. Pawley says that Roberts put his gun against the Kid's middle and pulled the trigger. The gun missed fire but the Kid was so frightened that he turned and ran. According to the Kid himself "Roberts had jammed his gun against his belly so hard it almost knocked him down and was inside the room before he recovered his balance." This I quoted from A. N. Blazer's "Blazer's Mill" in NEW MEXICO, January, 1938.

I shall ask Mr. Pawley to document his version. I shall look forward with interest to his reply.—P. J. Rasch, 567 Erskine Dr., Pacific Palisades, Calif.

And, Going Back a Mite . . .

Howdy, Fred!

By chance I happened to see one of your magazines . . .and want to say it's the goldingdest best magazine on the West I ever saw. Some of these birds, though, could stand to do just a little more research to better the authenticity and "exactedy" of their writings. But all in all, TW is the best thing that ever hit the market on the early West. I hope it grows like a tule until it becomes

(Continued on following page)

"Smartest young steer I've ever seen!"

MEN PAST 40

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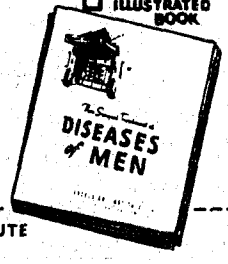

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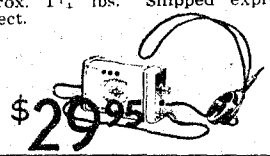

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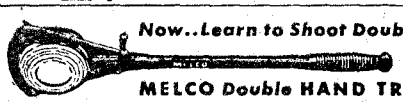

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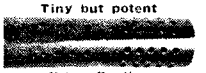

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Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

a magazine recognized by all who love the West.

I'm a bit of a sorehead about facts, and if it won't hurt the writer who wrote about Johnny Ringo (Edward M. Dickey) you might tell him that a history sleuth has cleared up this Ringo mystery, and that his name was not RINGOLD. Neither was he a cousin of the Youngers. Ringo's sister was married to Coleman Younger. The Ringos are a very fine family. Johnny Ringo's nephew is assisting me in writing the true story of Johnny Ringo. Bunk written about Ringo by (authors) Walter Noble Burns and Billy Breakenridge in HELLDORADO, is causing these writers to follow suit. Burns also wrote bunk about Billy the Kid in SAGA OF BILLY THE KID. Billy might have killed four men in all. Ash Upson is another writer who should be dehorned for taking that dictation called THE AUTHENTIC LIFE OF BILLY THE KID from Pat Garrett. Now everybody is sure that Billy murdered a man at 12 years of age in Silver City. Of course, Billy rode in posses that sent some of the boys to Boot Hill, but the facts are all that count. About Billy's name: Here in Santa Fe, clear as hell in the Courthouse, is the record of William H. Antrim's marriage to Catherine McCarty, March 1, 1873. The records at the Presbyterian Church tell the same . . . Even the early papers state that Billy's name was McCarty. Historians, figure that one out!

Well, so long, and thanks for your publishing something we can all appreciate.—Allen A. Erwin, Museum of New Mexico & Library, P.O. Box 1727, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Oldtimer Approves

Dear Editor:

I happened to find TRUE WEST on the newsstand here, so bought the seven copies they had to send to friends. I also enclose a money order for $3.00 for my subscription. At last I have found a magazine that publishes true history of our part of the country.

I am a native of Texas—Stephens County. I've seen a lot of history myself, and had a lot handed down from my mother's and father's people. They were pioneers of Texas. My grandparents had seven boys in the Civil War. They came to Texas from Kentucky and homesteaded three miles northeast of Dallas

(Continued on next page)

"Sorry Pahdner—Thought I seen an extra ace!

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Truly Western

(*Continued from preceding page*)

on Duck Creek . . .

I have lived over most of Texas, and out in Wyoming when my father went broke in a drouth and lost 2500 head of steers. We moved to Wyoming in 1884. Dad went by covered wagon. My mother took a younger brother, sister, and myself by train. My Uncle Jake Eavry met us at Rawlins, Wyoming. Rawlins was 100 miles from the ranch—a two days' ride by buckboard. The first night we stopped at a road ranch on the Sweetwater River. At the supper table, my Uncle introduced us to a Mr. and Mrs. Averal. A year later, both were hanged. They were Jake Averal and Cattle Annie.

We moved to Clayton, New Mexico, in the spring of 1907. We were there when they hanged Black Jack Ketchum. Asked if he had one last request, Black Jack said yes—he wanted to be buried face down. The sheriff's men wanted to know why, and Black Jack told them: "So you So-and-So's can kiss my back!" Enclosed you'll find a photo of another lynching that took place in 1909 at Ada, Oklahoma.

I moved my family to Sandoval County, New Mexico in 1917. Ranched there about eighteen years. In 1934 we moved to Socorro, New Mexico. There was a question not long ago of what had become of Frank Jackson, who escaped from the Sam Bass Gang. Gus Brass, now dead, was then owner of the Park Hotel in Socorro. Gus pointed out the room in the hotel where Frank Jackson died. He had been a peaceable citizen and rancher for 40 years in that locality before his death.

In November, 1954, issue of TRUE WEST (page 14) there is a picture of two of my mother's brothers. My Uncles Joe and Jack Collins are pictured with Sam Bass and J. E. Gardner.

I am retired now and living with my daughter, Mrs. Stanley Ferber, here in Morenci, Arizona.—Thomas C. Taylor, Rt. 1, Box 167, Morenci, Arizona.

Attention Charley Straub!

Dear Mr. Straub:

Your interesting letter in the January issue of TRUE WEST caught my immediate attention. I must agree with you wholeheartedly that quite a lot of this information, concerning the guns

(*Continued on following page*)

"I'll be the robber as soon as I cut holes in this mask!"

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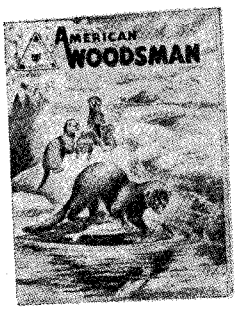

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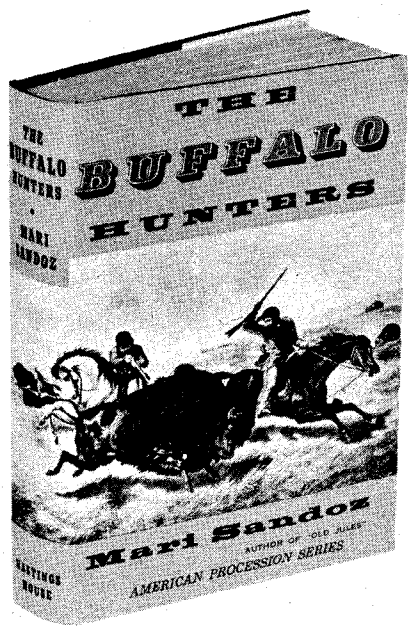
THE

BUFFALO HUNTERS

by

Mari Sandoz



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Truly Western

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of various outlaws and the like, sometimes is very confusing and—in many cases—wholly in error.

Every avenue of information was carefully checked and verified before the item of the Smith & Wessen revolver went into my biography of Jesse James. However, it was a late discovery, with the book partly in print; therefore, the proof material could not be included in the book, unfortunately. The actual inquest records indicate that both Robert and his brother, Charley Ford, made reference to Bob carrying a S & W. The other day I submitted to GUNS Magazine an authentic item about Jesse James, with a pro and con discussion about the gun which killed Jesse James. I fully believe that if you get the opportunity to read this item you will agree that the data concerning the Smith & Wesson outweighs that of the information given relative to Andy Palmer's Colt .45 . . . The item also contains a chronology of all the robberies allegedly attributed to the James-Younger faction, or after 1878, the Jameses. Every humanly possible step has been taken to verify these also . . . If GUNS uses the item, I believe it will be the first complete list ever published.

I have a new and interesting item regarding Wild Bill's gun in the Billy the Kid section of a new book I hope will soon be published, as well as having acquired, temporarily, the gun which Bella Starr used at one time. I also have a Remington cap and ball revolver which Jesse James used at the battle of Centralia, Missouri . . . It has been a pleasure writing you, and if you feel so inclined, I shall be most happy to hear from you at any time.—Carl W. Breihan, 4939 Mattis Road, St. Louis, Mo.

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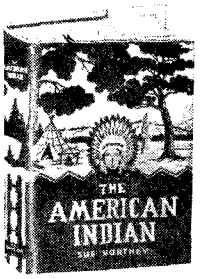

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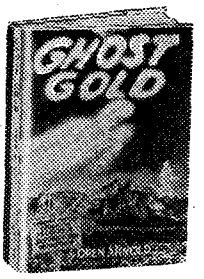

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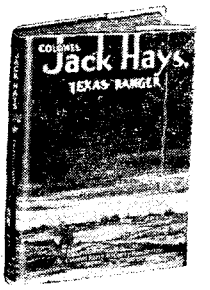

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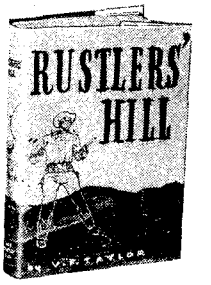

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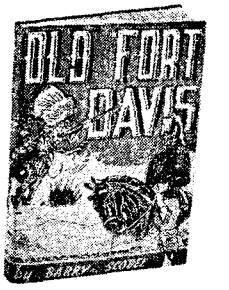

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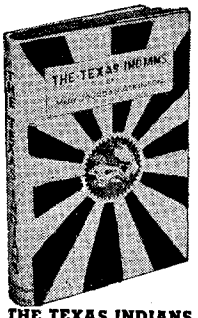

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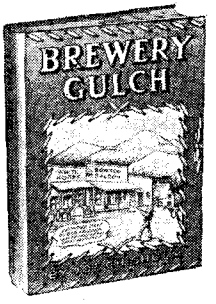

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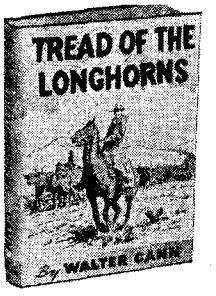

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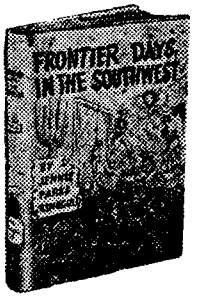

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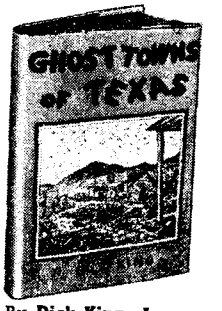

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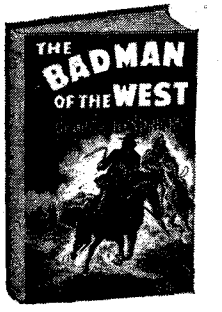

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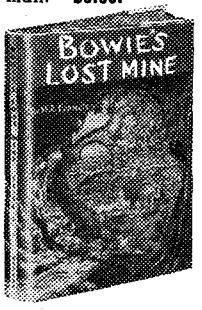

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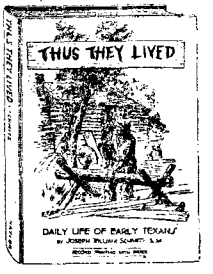

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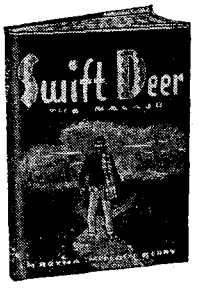

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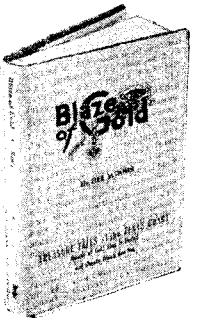

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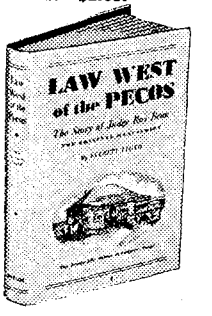

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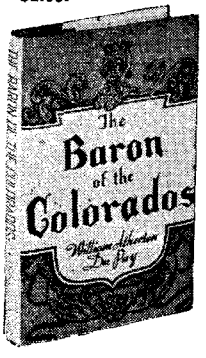

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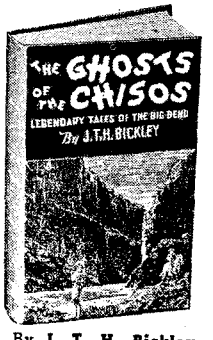

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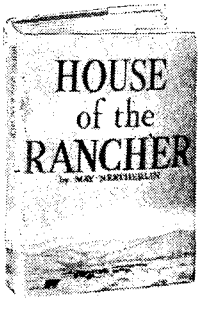

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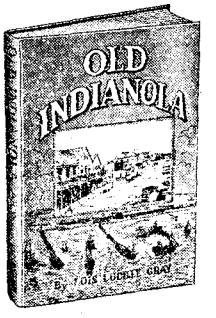

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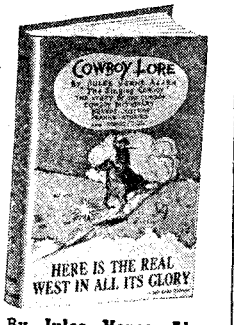

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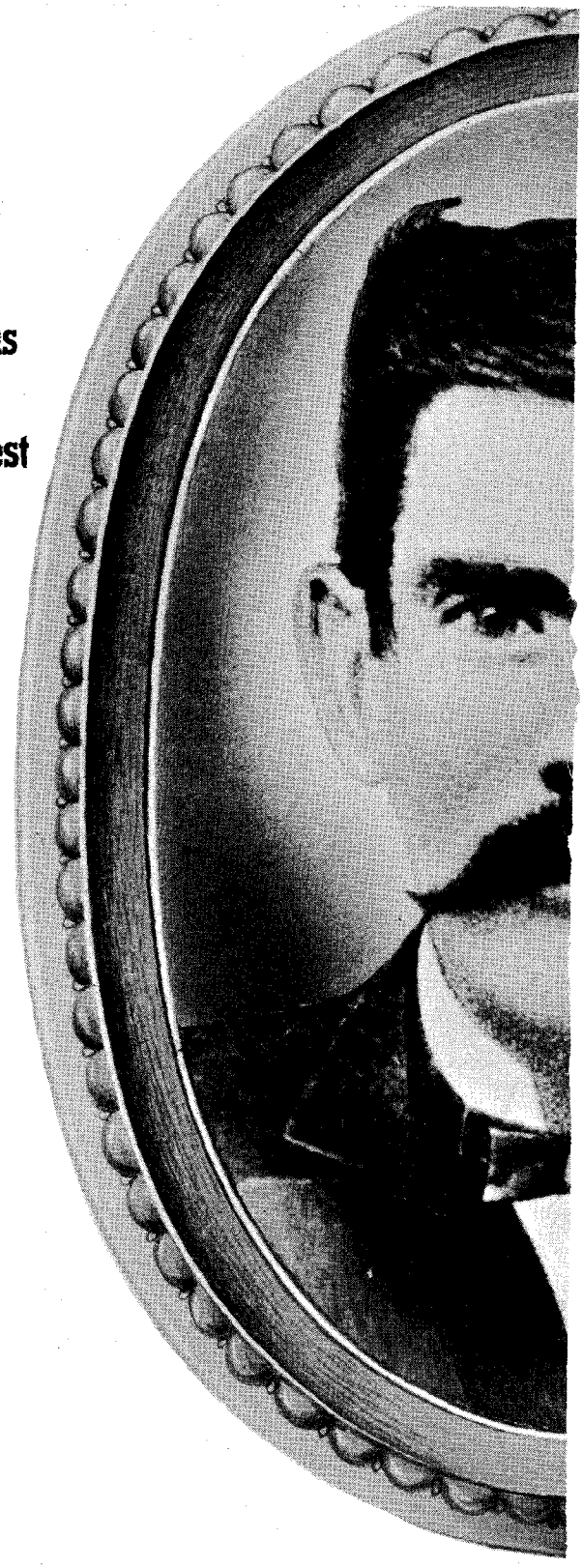

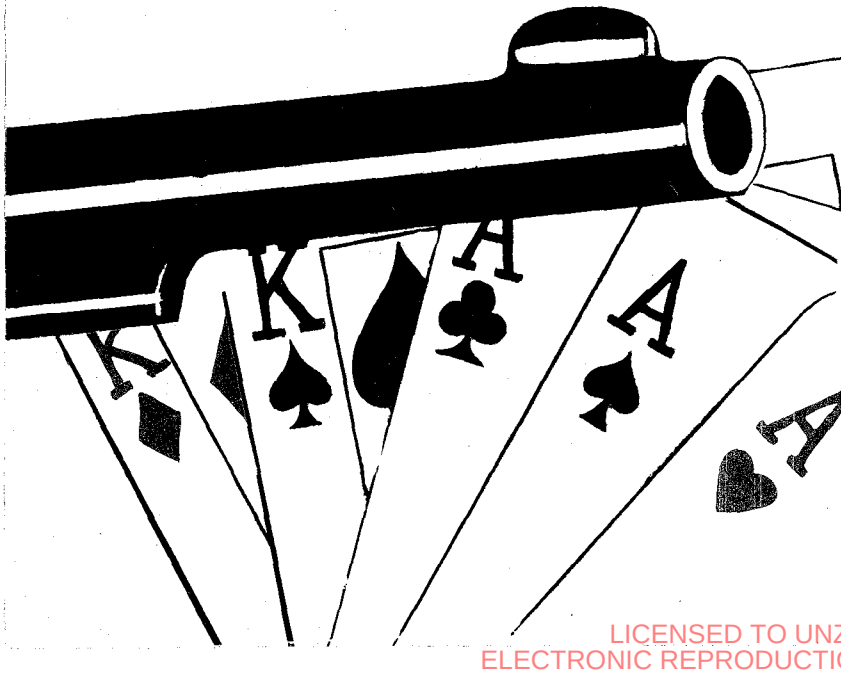

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